

DOGS OF ALL AGES

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by
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Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
I IN MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND	9
II IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME	26
III IN THE MIDDLE AGES	43
IV IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY	66
V IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	76
VI IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND OUR OWN DAYS	98
VII SOME CLEVER DOGS	139



Introduction

SOME have asserted that the horse is the noblest of man's conquests but this is not really so; the dog is much more closely linked with the march and expansion of human progress and civilization. He has taken his share in more than one domain of our development—in hunting, fishing, carrying, keeping watch and ward, tracking, fighting and so forth. I have no hesitation in affirming the truth of Pascal's apophthegm—the better I know men the more I esteem my dog; for the excellence of the dog reflects many of the supreme virtues of the long line of those who through the centuries have educated him and trained him to give up savage vices and habits for which he has no further need.

The dog has become the friend of man. From eras of the remotest antiquity we men have attached him to ourselves, appealing not only to his natural aptitudes but to his intelligence, and in our turn we have become his friends. The story of this friendship is one of the most

moving that could be told, and so long as there are dogs to love men, and men to recognize their worth, so long will the story of this friendship bear repeating and dwelling upon. It was the realization of this that inspired Rivarol to assert that the most perfect union in the world is that of man and dog. Man and dog have made between them an ideal comradeship. The dog, indeed, may exhibit an undeniable inferiority to man in some aspects of his nature, yet it must not be forgotten that the latter has claimed many privileges to which his intelligence does not entitle him, for he too often employs that intelligence for purposes of hatred and crime—things of which the dog is wholly innocent.

That man's affection and respect for his dog equal the dog's feelings for him is a matter that, in the moral interests of our species, I shall refrain from considering, but the fact remains that it is our fault if we underestimate the dog's feelings for us, or fail to comprehend them; he himself has a thousand ways of showing his devotion. Montaigne says, 'when it comes to friendship dogs are without comparison more constant than men.' Which loves more or less is a question that can scarcely arise between two such closely associated creatures; they love one another indissolubly, since from time immemorial upon each has depended the destiny of the other.

From the dawn of mankind man and dog have been bound to one another as partners in the strangest of adventures. Together they have striven to conquer the grim forces of Nature; and this for the benefit of the weaker of the two—the biped—in whom alone the brain has developed into a monstrous excrescence that serves him in place of the claws, talons, jaws, beaks, wings, shells, hide and scales that are indispensable to the rest of creation. In this partnership the dog's share has certainly

been the nobler. He has made himself subject to man with complete self-effacement, not because he himself is the feeble of the two but undoubtedly because he has discovered in his comrade certain attributes that can be ascribed only to a god; for like us, animals have their mythologies and fables. It is thus that he permits himself to be integrated in a world that is not really his own, abjuring the liberty of a free and wild life to take on an existence of utter loyalty and servitude. If for no other reason than this, the dog is entitled to our utmost esteem and consideration. He gives far more than he receives; yet for his life of endless self-sacrifice he asks nothing in return but to be able to read approbation and affection in his friend's eyes—that friend whom he will never desert, whether in riches or poverty, in sickness or danger, in a palace or a hovel.

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The dog exhibits a remarkable power of adaptability and malleability in allowing himself to be deprived of so much and educated to the point of assimilating man's interests as though they had been his own. Modifications in organism and character by reason of selection and crossing, the loss of hereditary instincts and the acquisition of others more kindred to the master's, have made the creation of the dog one of the major achievements of man, thus justifying the aphorism that beasts and gods are nothing but what man makes them. The best part of man's nature is revealed in the dog, as is shown by his exemplary behaviour throughout the long history he shares with us, during which he has followed mankind in the conquest and peaceable possession of the entire surface of the globe. Such behaviour is part of his day-by-day habitude, it does not in any way arise from a desire

to excel or curry favour, as is so often the case with us when we aspire to become heroes or saints by sublimating the base desires and motives of our nature. The dog is incapable of unfaithfulness, ingratitude or naughtiness, cruelty or war. Since this behaviour is what it is by virtue of the canine nature, it means that what we call 'animality' is more spontaneous in a pure and frank soul than in our 'humanity', which exhibits itself in a degree of bestiality without example in canine annals. As a famous Frenchman said, 'The four paws of a dog make less filth than the two feet of a human.'

We are well aware that there is too great a difference between the nature and virtue of a great man or a hero and the characteristics of the ordinary run of humanity for any generalizations to be made. But, on the other hand, we know that with dogs, which are our familiar friends and have no emotion that is not common to mankind, how they behave always makes an impression on us without arousing our suspicions. No one is ashamed of not being a great man, but few of us would wish to be thought inferior to a dog.

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The illustrious dogs of which we tell in this book have earned that title only by the part they played in certain of the important episodes of history; though whereas our idea of what is important implies violence, murder and wars, far other matters are of importance to a dog. The lives of illustrious men have been told, likewise the lives of illustrious women; even the lives of illustrious plants. The lives of illustrious dogs, I maintain, will contain stories of no less noble deeds, nor will the acts of heroism or self-sacrifice be marred by any of those cruelties and innumerable evils that attend every phase of man's

existence. The moral history of the dog in times ancient and modern appertains really to the history of mankind; in these pages I have done no more than collect a few of the stories of the part dogs have played in the life of man on earth.

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It has been far from my intention in writing this book to denigrate the human race, though it is somewhat humiliating to find, for example, in Plutarch's *Lives* that apart from the accounts of a few generous and magnanimous deeds the greater part of the book is concerned with cheats, thefts, murders, ingratitude and the fulfilment of the basest passions. If it be granted that the dog possesses the qualities attributed to rational man, it cannot be too clearly pointed out that man possesses few of the fine qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude which is really nothing but a duty; whether virtue or duty, gratitude forms part of the dog's nature. We stigmatize ingratitude as a crime, yet all men are more or less ungrateful. The dog has no notion of what a virtue is; what we mean by the term, what we hold in such esteem, is nothing but the dog's normal habit. From the moment a dog accepts you as his master you will meet in him all the virtues known to mankind. His love for you will know no limitations; his greatest happiness will be to stand or sit at your side; and if you should be reduced to begging your bread, not only will he help you in that painful task, but no thought of deserting you will so much as cross his mind. Your dog will be near you at all times, in all circumstances; he will lie down at your feet to die, or if your turn to make the great journey comes first, he will be with you to the end of the final stage.

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So this book has been written not so much to lessen man as to make him greater by indicating the part played in his life by the dog, by holding up that faithful creature as a model, by drawing attention to that living example of all the virtues that man might make his own. May I add in defence and eulogy of this noble creature that his actions and thoughts are not the result of what is called 'instinct', as opposed to 'intelligence'. These words mean absolutely nothing; how is it possible to define where one begins and the other ends? They both represent but a facile attempt to solve a problem which in its depth goes far beyond all truisms and touches the real mystery of life—a problem that can be settled by no amount of hair-splitting.

In any event, if the word 'intelligence' comes from the Latin *intelligere*, that is to say, to choose within oneself, to make an interior choice, or to understand and associate ideas and images, to remember and to take an initiative, then, I say, if this be the case the dog is intelligent. His life is not passed solely in a world of smells, although his sense of smell has a great part to play in his perspicacity; but the faculties of observation, memory and affection play as important a part in his make-up as his nostrils. If he is not as perfectible as we are, it is because he has no need to be so, for the horizon of his life is limited by certain deep-rooted requirements. He has given mankind actual proofs of his malleability by allowing himself to be trained and humanized, and has made unheard-of efforts to raise himself to our level of thought and emotion.

The dog knows as well as we do—even better—how to satisfy his passions, his affections and his appetities; for certain mysterious senses and very finely adjusted organs reveal to him things of which we are ignorant. It is the

sense of penetration, for example, that astonishes us when he keeps guard over objects belonging to his master, which enables him to discern the culprit among a crowd, or to perceive and make his master aware of the evil intentions of ill-disposed men. He can find his bearings instantly, and if released from a closed vehicle that has been brought from afar, can at once make his way home and that by a more direct route than the one by which he was taken. That may be what we term somewhat slightly 'instinct', but it is actually evidence of a manifest superiority in one direction. Let it not be said, therefore, that the dog possesses instinct instead of intelligence; he possesses, rather, instinct in addition to intelligence.

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Maybe the dog's sagacity is greater than the wisdom which we pride ourselves upon possessing, for there is no question but that it has its origin and constant renewal in the stream of cosmic life. His wisdom furnishes us with deep lessons in virtue and humility, and recalls to our minds the truth that after all we ourselves are but a portion of life upon the earth, neither above nor below that of the dog in status, but like the rat, the monkey, the whale or the cow, just one of the innumerable order of *mammifera*, struggling like the rest of them to perpetuate our species.

The dog has a personality even as we have. His soul is, no doubt, different from ours, moving in a world that we have long since quitted—a world of extreme innocence and purity. The more we know him and recognize this, the greater esteem shall we feel for ourselves and those like us. The more we love and have compassion on him, as on all creatures, the more we shall love and have compassion on our own kind.

I am well aware that some will say that the fact of the dog being unable to speak in human terms itself brands him as an inferior being; but it should be remembered that his bark is not so much a natural cry as a sort of articulate language in imitation of our own speech; it is the result of education, for the wild dog can only howl, he has no idea of barking. Besides, let us not forget that the dog that we suppose knows nothing in reality understands what we say, and that to such an extent that sometimes we are driven to use roundabout terms when we do not wish our friend to know what we are talking about. On the other hand, we who think ourselves so clever are not always able to tell what a dog is saying, even when he addresses us directly. The dog understands better than we imagine; he perceives our secret troubles, our unspoken sorrows, and all this only by looking at us and penetrating to our inner hearts by the eye of his soul.

Does anyone believe that the gift of human speech carries with it any sort of supremacy? An Arab legend tells us that in times of yore, when the world was still young, dogs talked just as we do, but that when they heard the use to which the first man put this gift, deceiving and injuring his brother or his neighbour, they swore a solemn oath that so far as the dog family was concerned all speech and language should be banished from their minds. For my part, I think that silence has an eloquence of its own much more expressive than speech, and the silence of the dog is often the most moving form of language. He never uses his voice to let us know his thoughts, nor raises it to deceive or betray.

CHAPTER ONE

IN MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND

God created man but seeing him
such a weak thing gave him a dog.
Toussenet

1. *The First Dog of All*

WHEN Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden, that Paradise where all was so delectable, it was to find themselves at a single stroke on the threshold of the vast new world that lay before them. In their loneliness and desolation they besought the Eternal to give them some companion, some being to share with them the life of wandering to which their sin had condemned them. In His infinite goodness, the Master of Creation, knowing full well that the couple who had disobeyed His holy command had already been sufficiently punished for tasting of the Tree of Good and Evil, mercifully granted their desire.

All the creatures in Paradise were summoned before His presence and one by one each was asked whether it would follow the guilty pair into exile; but not a living thing was willing to exchange the pleasures of Eden for an uncertain future, for a lot already branded with the Maker's curse. Notwithstanding their refusal, the Lord once again asked His creatures to make the sacrifice, and even called for volunteers to do His behest.

There was another long pause, and at last an animal stepped forward, softly and hesitantly; a beast of the dog tribe, not unlike a wolf in shape, it felt pity for the banished man and woman, those two-legged creatures



who, not so long ago, had come in all innocence from the hand of their Maker to be King and Queen of Eden. The dog agreed to cast in his lot with Adam and Eve and be by their side as they toiled for their bread with the sweat of their brows. He proved a faithful companion, and the friend and playmate of their first children, Cain and Abel.

To signify His approval, and as a reward for this devotion, the Lord bestowed on this faithful creature all those wonderful gifts that from that day to this have made the dog the true friend of Man.

Some have said that this first dog of all, that gave up the joys of Paradise to follow the fortunes of mankind, was of the Boxer family, others that it was a lone he-wolf. According to the folklore of the Slavs, when God perceived that it was the woman who had brought about Man's fall, He gave him the dog to comfort him with its unswerving devotion.

2. *Tobit and His Dog*

When Shalmanezzer, King of Assyria, marched on Israel and crushed the Hebrews, he took a great number of them into captivity. Among those torn from their home and country was a man of the tribe of Naphtali, named Tobit. He was a rich and godly man, using his wealth to succour the distressed among his fellow exiles. He comforted the bereaved, nourished the hungry, clothed the naked, and secretly buried those who perished by the cruelty of their captors.

Now it chanced that one night, on his return from such a burial, he fell asleep in the shelter of his garden wall, and in the early hours of the morning a martin, nesting in the loose bricks above him, dropped dung in his eyes and blinded him. Not long after this misadventure Tobit lost his fortune and fell into such poverty that his wife was forced to go out to work as a weaver in order that they might have wherewith to live. It was while they were in these straits that one day Tobit called to mind that long ago he had lent ten talents to a man

living in Rages, a distant city of Media. Thereupon he called his son Tobias and said, 'Go to Gabael, in Rages, who owes me this money, and show him his own acknowledgment of his debt. When he sees it I make no doubt but that he will give you what he owes me.'

With a light heart young Tobias began his preparations for the journey and, seeing what was afoot, the dog of the house started to leap up at him and bark with delight, in his excitement licking one after the other Tobit, his wife, and their son. At last, after listening to much wise and prudent counsel from his father, Tobias started on his travels, accompanied by a young man called Azarias, who said he knew the way and would journey with him to Rages. Now this young man was actually none other than the angel Raphael, sent by God Himself.

So the two of them set forth accompanied by the dog. Their first day's walking brought them to the banks of the Tigris, where Tobias sat down to cool his feet in the flowing stream. As he was enjoying this refreshment suddenly a great fish leaped at him out of the water and made as if to devour him. Aroused by his master's shouts for help, the dog sprang forward to his aid, seized the monster by the throat and dragged it up the bank.

Seeing what had happened the young man Azarias addressed Tobias in these words, 'Have no fear, but take this fish by the gills, slit it open and draw out the heart, the gall bladder, and the liver, for a time will come when each of these will be of service to you.' So Tobias preserved these entrails of the monster fish.

When they reached the city of Rages and had collected the money the angel said to his companion, 'In this place there is a certain very rich man named Raguel who is one of your own tribe of Naphtali. All his wealth is

yours for the asking, for he wishes you to marry his only child Sara.'

'Do you not know,' answered Tobias, 'that she has already been betrothed seven times, and every time on the wedding night a demon has slain the man who was to be her husband? If I should die in this manner the grief of it would bring my parents to the grave.'

Raphael reassured the young man, however, and when they had come to Raguel's house Tobias asked for the girl Sara in marriage. The old man was silent, thinking of those seven who had already been betrothed to Sara; but the angel told him, 'It is this same Tobias whom God has destined to be thy daughter's husband.' Upon hearing this Raguel took his daughter's hand and placed it in that of Tobias, the marriage contract was signed, and they all sat down to feast.

Night being come, and Tobias having taken Sara into the nuptial chamber, he obeyed the angel's instructions and burned the heart of the fish that had attacked him on the banks of the Tigris; moreover he placed a portion of the liver on glowing charcoal, thereby making a smell that drove away the demon before it had time to harm him. Raguel had already dug a grave in which to bury this last of Sara's bridegrooms, but when he and his wife Edna went into the bridal chamber in the morning and found the couple peacefully asleep, he praised God and knew that He had indeed given His blessing on the marriage.

But while Tobias was celebrating his happy union with Sara, his parents were waiting anxiously for his return; and as time went on and he did not appear, nor was there news of him, they began to grow very fearful. His mother Anne was especially full of grief and night after night lay sleepless on her bed. 'Alas!' she cried amid her

tears. 'How could we have sent him on so distant a journey, our beloved, our only son!' Every day she would walk as far as she could along the road by which he must come, always hoping that she might meet him.

One day as she sat weeping at the threshold of their house, her blind husband by her side, their dog dashed up, all covered with dust, panting with his tongue curling in his mouth. He had run ahead to announce the safe return of Tobias and at the same time to show his joy at seeing once again his old master and mistress.

Blind old Tobit rose to his feet and began to run, stumbling every step, while the dog dashed in front of him, barking joyously. Had he not brought back the son of the house? Had he not been the messenger bearing the good news of his safe arrival?

When Tobias saw his father groping his way to meet him, he fell in his arms amid tears and embraces. Then he bethought him of something his angel companion Raphael had told him, and taking the gall-bladder of the monstrous fish rubbed his father's eyes with it. As he did so a white film of skin that covered them peeled off, and Tobit's sight was restored.

3. *Sirius, the Barking Watch-dog*

The ancient Egyptians, seeing in the heavens a brilliant star that always shone at the season when the Nile began to rise, gave it the name of the Barker, or the Watch-dog, for its appearance seemed expressly meant to warn the toilers of the field to beware of the approaching inundation. 'That star is a true watch-dog,' they said, 'and a dog that gives us protection must be a god!' Moreover, as its course in the skies coincided so nearly with the periodic

overflowing of the river, the Watch-dog star became the tutelary god of the Nile.

This god of the river was represented in sculpture and hieroglyph as having the body of a man and the head of a dog. He was given a genealogy as Anubis, the son of Osiris. His statue was placed at the entrance to the temple of Isis and Osiris and, as time went on, he was to be seen at the doorway of every temple in Egypt. As a symbol of vigilance the dog-god Anubis was taken as an admonisher to the rulers of the land that they should ever keep watch over the welfare of their people.

Anubis was worshipped principally at Hermopolis Magna, called by the Egyptians Khemennu, but his fame spread to all the towns of Upper and Lower Egypt, and in time the town of Cynopolis or Dog City, now known as Samallut, was built on the left bank of the Nile, and there his priests celebrated their rite, with the utmost pomp.

The dog-star Sirius was placed by the ancient astronomers on the boundary line between what they knew as the northern and southern hemispheres. As this line cut the star in two it was said that Sirius embodies two personages, one of whom mounted the heavens as the other descended into the infernal regions. Even to this day the circle that touches and separates the two hemispheres is called the horizon, from the Greek word meaning 'boundary circle'.

4. *Actaeon's Hounds*

The goddess Diana, daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and twin sister of Apollo, was queen of the woods and forests. Armed with her bow and arrows, she spent her days

hunting the hind and the wild boar, whose lives were consecrated to her, just as all dogs and hounds were placed under her protection. In all the representations of Diana she is seen with a dog at her heels.

When the goddess was wearied in the chase it was her wont to bathe in the waters of some cooling stream. One day she was thus disporting herself in the water with her attendant nymphs when a young hunter named Actaeon chanced to pass near and, unable to curb his curiosity, approached the stream that he might get a better sight of the lovely bathers. Indignant at such an intrusion, Diana scooped some water in her hand and, throwing it in Actaeon's eyes, cried, 'Now go, if you can, and boast of having watched Diana bathing!'

Even as she spoke, antlers began to sprout on the hunter's forehead, his neck started to stretch and his ears to grow longer, his hands and feet changed into hoofs, his arms and legs became long and slender, and a speckled coat of hair swathed his body. Taking to flight he came at last to a pool of still water, and gazing into it perceived that the goddess had indeed turned him into a stag.

While Actaeon was contemplating this strange change in his appearance, his own dogs, which had been following him in the chase, got wind of the new quarry. Melampe, from Crete, and Ichnobate of Sparta took up the scent; the others followed: Alce led the pack, on his heels were Nebrophonos, Pterelas, keen-scented Amarynthos, wolf-begotten Napa, Poemenis, Ladon, Leucos the grey, Harpale with a white star on his forehead, Melanea the black, Lachne of the glossy coat, Canache, Theron the savage-faced, Thoos the swift, Lycisca, Labros and the rest.

Actaeon knew at once that peril approached him and

he sped away towards safety. The hounds sprang after, and the chase was on. The woods rang again as they gave voice. Three dogs cut off Actaeon as he crossed the hill-top, Melanchete snapped and caught him in his jaws, Theridamas tore him in the same place, and Oresitrophos



drove his fangs deep into his quivering shoulder. Together they dragged Actaeon to the ground and soon his whole body was torn and mauled with bites. As he fell to his knees, exhausted and bloody, Actaeon saw some of his hunter friends running up to the voice of the hounds, and as they drew near his dying ears heard them setting their dogs on him. A moment later he expired, pitilessly mauled and savaged by his own dogs.

5. *Cerberus, Guardian of the Infernal Regions*

Cerberus was a three-headed dog to whose care Pluto committed the portals of Hell and the approaches to his own dismal palace. Some said the dog had a hundred heads, because his mane bristled and writhed with living serpents; according to Hesiod he had fifty, Horace says a hundred, but in statuary he appears with no more than three, and this is confirmed by Virgil in the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*.

Cerberus was the offspring of Typhon, one of the giants who scaled the heavens, and Echidna the monster half-woman, half-serpent who gave birth also to the Hydra of Lerna, the Chimera, the Sphinx, the Gorgons, the Nemean Lion and many other abominations. The task confided to Cerberus was one of considerable responsibility and honour, for it was his duty to devour any mortal audacious enough to attempt the approach to the dwelling of Pluto or to penetrate Tartarus where the dead did penance before meriting admittance to the Elysian Fields.

Now it happened that three days after Orpheus had wedded the lovely Eurydice she chanced to be sporting in the fields, surrounded by a party of her nymphs, when a snake bit her heel and in a short while she was dead. Bitterly did Orpheus bewail the spouse he loved so dearly, but it was in vain that he implored the gods on high to return her to him. Whereupon he took the bold resolve to descend himself into the land of shadows where he could beseech the infernal gods to take pity on his distress.

Lyre in hand he made his way to that cavern that led to

Pluto's kingdom and thence he reached the banks of the Styx. He was seeking to press onward when Cerberus leaped out at him, more terrible than mortal man could imagine. Orpheus dared go no further, and would even have thought of flight had not the memory of Eurydice kept him steadfast and given him courage. He suddenly bethought him of his lyre, and passing his fingers across the strings drew forth a melody such as he alone could evoke.

As the strains of his music throbbed through the sullen air of Hades Death and the Furies vanished, the fierce aspect of Cerberus grew gentle, and stretching his length on the ground the monster crawled to Orpheus and began to lick his feet. Still striking chords on the lyre the musician, that gifted son of Apollo and Clio, walked forward with the dog following him, each of its three heads nodding in time with the rhythm and charm of the notes that had thus robbed him of all ferocity. Step by step as Orpheus advanced the lesser divinities of the Infernal Regions grouped themselves around him, subjugated and enthralled by the strings of his lyre. Together they followed the intrepid mortal to the foot of the throne where, side by side, sat Pluto and Proserpine.

It was then that Orpheus gave vent to his feelings and striking the cords anew broke out into song. He sang of his love, of his suffering, of his longing for her whom he loved, of the desolation of his life without her, and so moving were his words, so heart-rending his voice, that Proserpine broke into weeping and even Pluto was unable to resist the tenderness that welled up within his bosom. Tantalus stayed his course in the midst of the river whose waters escaped his lips even as he essayed to assuage his thirst; Ixion's wheel paused in its endless turning; the vultures tearing at the entrails of Tityus stopped their

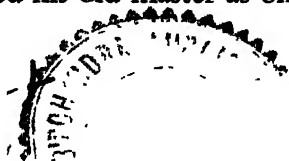
gorging; Sisyphus sat still on the rock he was condemned to be forever rolling.

Moved with pity Pluto at last consented to give back Eurydice and allow them both to return to earth, on condition that Orpheus would not turn his head to look at her until they had left behind them the Infernal Realms. The happy lovers were on their way to the open daylight of the world of mortals and had, indeed, neared the limits of the nether regions when, impelled by love and impatience to see the being he valued more than life, Orpheus turned his head to catch even a glimpse of Eurydice's dazzling beauty. In that instant she vanished. Once again death had come to tear her away from the world of the living.

Orpheus started back to save her, but he was arrested by a terrible roar. Menacing and ferocious, Cerberus stood before him and forced him to leave forever the dwelling-place of the dead.

6. *Argus, the Hound of Ulysses*

On his return from the Isle of Ithaca, after the Trojan Wars, Ulysses met Eumaeus, the faithful steward of his household and keeper of his flocks. The wanderer was still clothed in his beggar's rags, and after twenty years' absence the herdsman failed to recognize his master. They were slowly making their way together towards the palace when, as they drew near, a dog ran out to meet them, wagging his tail, his ears pricked, and jumping with joy. It was Argus, whom Ulysses had reared from a puppy and trained to accompany him wherever he went. Jumping up on him and licking his hand, the old dog welcomed his old master as only a dog can do.



According to Homer, this dog had once been the best in the land, equally good for hunting the hare or the fallow deer, the mountain goat, or any wild creature of the countryside. But age had stiffened his legs and being no longer cared for under the eye of his master, Argus's only home was now a dunghill that lay close by the palace entrance.

Ulysses knew him at once and tears welled to his eyes as he saw his old favourite's pitiable state. 'Ah,' exclaimed Eumaeus, 'that dog belonged to a hero long since dead in distant lands. Alas, there is no longer the courage and kind-heartedness of former days, when Ulysses left us for the battlefields of Troy. This poor beast now languishes amid the mire; Ulysses perished far from his country, and the women of the palace are grown lazy and neglectful; they no longer take care of this poor creature.' Having spoken thus the steward relapsed into silence.

Ulysses now made himself known and again took possession of his palace; as for Argus, his destiny was fulfilled and he died of pure joy at seeing his master once more.

7. *Murex, a favourite dog of Hercules*

One day Hercules was chasing the nymph Tyro, with whom he had fallen in love. His dog was with him and, searching for something to eat, pounced on a shell-fish that had been washed up by the waves. With his fangs he broke it open, and in a few moments his jaws and jowls were dyed a lovely red, for the shell-fish was the famous *murex*, from which the ancients obtained their purple dye.

Said Tyro, to Hercules, 'Give me a mantle of that colour and I will be yours!'

No sooner said than done; Hercules gave his nymph the purple-dyed cloak she hankered after, and to celebrate his dog's discovery named him thereafter 'Murex'.

8. *Amida, the Dog-god of Japan*

In Japanese mythology Amida is the supreme monarch of heaven and all the realms of felicity. He is pictured riding on a seven-headed horse caparisoned with a royal mantle; Amida's own figure is that of half-man, half-dog, and he carries a golden ring in his mouth which is probably a symbol of the horizon.

Amida is the god, moreover, of suicides; men kill themselves in his honour and to give him pleasure; it is believed that both the double doors of heaven are thrown wide open for one who has drowned himself or has been drowned accidentally. It is said that when a Japanese has taken the resolve to drown himself in worship of Amida, he then induces a number of others to follow his example, for to taste real joy one must have company. The great day being come, the intended suicides take their seats in a gilded boat, each man having great stones tied to his neck and feet, for it would be dishonourable to escape drowning and float to the surface; the dog-god would certainly repudiate so faulty a worshipper.

When the time comes for the deed to be consummated, the devotees jump into the river or the sea amid the loud applause of the priests and crowds of people assembled for the ceremony, and the air resounds with the clang of gongs and the beat of drums and piping of other instruments.

9. *Bheiru the Faithful*

Once upon a time a man of the Banjarra¹ named Dabi found himself under the necessity of borrowing the sum of a thousand rupees in order that he might undertake a journey on business. But all whom he approached for the loan shook their heads, for they attached little value to any promises he might make.

Now Dabi had a dog that was dear to him beyond all telling; it was only after much hesitation that he made up his mind to give this dog in pawn for the loan he required. Even then, at first all his approaches were fruitless, but at last he found a wealthy merchant named Dhyaram who was willing to accept his offer. Dabi promised that he would return before the expiry of a year; then he talked seriously to his dog Bheiru and by gestures bid him be faithful to his new master.

More than a year went by, yet no news came of the traveller. The merchant was beginning to think that he had been swindled and blamed himself bitterly for being so gullible, and it was with these thoughts in his head one night that he suddenly heard Bheiru barking furiously, and having peeped from his window realized that a band of robbers was trying to force an entrance.

Before Dhyaram had time or the presence of mind to think of repelling the ruffians, Bheiru had already flown at two of them. He snapped fiercely at them, bore them to the ground and began to maul them savagely. A third rogue now ran forward to beat him off, but the dog seized this new assailant by the neck and strangled him. Seeing what had happened to their three accomplices

¹ The Banjarra were a small Indian tribe whose dogs were famous for their intelligence and courage.

the rest of the robbers took to their heels and fled.

Thus preserved by the vigilance and bravery of the dog, Dhyaram showered on him endless caresses, and thinking the matter over, determined to consider the absent Dabi's indebtedness as more than wiped out by what had taken place. So with the utmost pains he made the dog understand that he was now free and no longer a pledge or hostage, and that if he liked he could go off in search of his real master.

But Bheiru—and this is the striking point of the Indian story—shook his headly sadly as though to show that Dhyaram's simple and generous words could in no way be accepted as absolving Dabi of his debt. By dint of much persuasion, however, Dhyaram was at last able to convince the dog, and in due time Bheiru set forth, after many affecting farewells, along the road Dabi must take if he returned.

Now Dabi, who had been detained by business beyond the time fixed for his return, at last obtained the money he needed to clear off his debt and was actually on the road home, being some leagues distant from his creditor's house, when he perceived Bheiru dashing to meet him. The man turned pale, for he thought the dog had run away from Dhyaram and thus had compromised him with his creditor. In an access of rage he seized the dog, and blind to his demonstration of joy and affection, drew his scimitar and killed him. What was his horror and grief a few moments later when he found, tied to the dog's collar, the receipt in full for his debt as well as a letter describing the courage and devotion of the dead Bheiru.

Dabi was inconsolable, but he resolved to atone in some measure for his fatal rashness by devoting the thousand rupees to the erection of a monument at the very spot

where this bloody scene had taken place. It is said that to this very day the monument, known as Koukarru-Gaon, is shown to travellers, and the local inhabitants believe that the earth heaped over the grave of this faithful creature possesses the virtue of healing the bite of a mad dog.

CHAPTER TWO

IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME

The dog is virtue incarnate. Knowing
the impossibility of being a man
Virtue took on the form of a dog.

Victor Hugo

1. Soter or the Saviour

SOME of the cities in ancient Greece were accustomed to entrust the safe-keeping of their strong places and towns to mastiffs. With them on guard they had no reason to fear treachery, as so often was found where men were concerned.

Now it happened that once when Corinth was at war with a neighbouring republic fifty of these mastiffs were posted at a strong point which defended the city from attack by sea. Taking advantage of the night after a public holiday, when the garrison of this strong point were fuddled with the wine they had drunk and were sleeping off its effects, the enemy launched an attack in force. The darkness of the night favoured the assailants, who met with no resistance whatever except from the fifty mastiffs, who fought with fury and were all slaughtered at their post. All, that is, save one, thereafter named Soter, the Saviour. Guided by an instinct rarely to be found in such a beast, this dog wasted no time in continuing a hopeless

fight against such odds but withdrew from the struggle and dashed back to raise the alarm. Baying with all the depth of his voice, and nipping the slumbering drunkards or dragging them by their clothes, he was at last able to rouse the garrison to a sense of danger. The rally was sounded, the men hurried to their posts, lights were brought and the enemy repulsed with such vigour that they lost no time in taking to flight, most of them diving into the sea and swimming to the boats that had brought them.

To reward a deed of such dire importance to the city, the people of Corinth ordained that Soter should thereafter be fed at the public expense; moreover that he should wear a silver collar engraved with the words:

SOTER, DEFENDER AND SAVIOUR OF CORINTH

A marble column was also erected in the citadel, surrounded by the statues of the mastiff heroes who had given their lives for the city, and a figure of Soter himself, raising the alarm.

2. *Phileros, the Greek lad's dog*

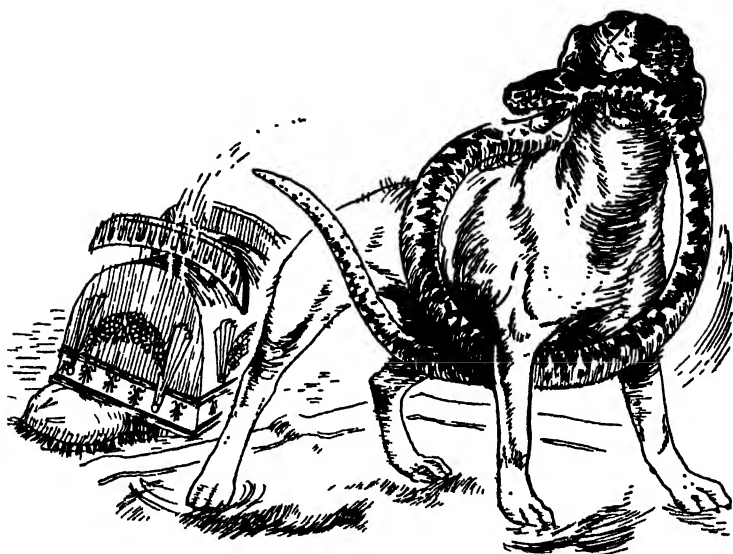
A certain boy in Athens had, from his cradle, a little dog to play with, and this pet he cherished until untimely death came for the lad at the age of seven. This creature was so attached to his young master that he rarely left his side. When they went for a walk he ran ahead, barking and leaping with delight, dashing back at every few yards to jump up and lick the lad's hands and face. He slept all night at the child's feet and when morning came they would rise together to start another day of games and

sports. So attached was this creature to his little master that he was given the name of Phileros the Faithful.

One day, as the child stood at the window eagerly watching some itinerant jugglers in the street below, he leaned out too far, lost his balance and fell on his head. With a single bound Phileros leaped after his master and broke a leg in the fall, but heedless of the pain and regarding only the plight of his friend, the dog crawled to the prone figure, licked the face, and did his best to move the little body into life. But all in vain, he was dead. While preparations were being made for the funeral, the dog refused to leave the corpse, which he finally carried to the grave. There he gave voice to the most piteous howls, and for five days lay stretched alongside the little heap of earth. At last, driven by hunger, he returned to his home, ate a bite or two, ran up to the child's room, sniffed from corner to corner, and then lay down and died.

3. *The Devotion of a Roman Dog*

In former times the Romans used to tell of a dog which, left alone with an infant in its cradle, attacked with the utmost fury a venomous snake that had slipped into the house. In the course of this fight to the death, the cradle was overturned, with the infant beneath it. Hearing a noise the father ran to the room and seeing the dog's jaws and throat all bloody instantly imagined that it had eaten his child, and without a moment's reflection drew his sword and killed the creature on the spot. But it was not long before he noticed the body of the snake, bitten and torn in pieces, and hearing his child crying beneath the upturned cradle, found him safe and sound. The whole



unhappy mistake was now brought clearly to light and the father, to honour the memory of the loyal and faithful creature that had paid for such heroism with its life, condemned himself, so we are told, to all the expiatory sacrifices laid down in the laws for a man who has killed another accidentally.

4. *Anacreon's Dog*

One day the poet Anacreon started off for Teos, in Ionia, followed by a single servant bearing a heavy bag of money, and a dog of whom he was very fond. On the way thither the servant had occasion to step aside from the road, and when he hurried to rejoin his master he inadvertently left behind him the bag of money.

When they reached Teos, Anacreon noticed that the dog was no longer with them, and at the same time the servant realized that he had not got the bag that he should have been carrying. Being unable, for lack of his money, to do the business that had brought him to Teos, Anacreon started back to get some more cash, for he thought his first bag of coin was irretrievably lost. But when he reached the place where the servant had turned aside out of the road, what was his delight to find his dog, keeping guard over the money-bag which it had not quitted for one instant.

5. *Hesiod's Dog*

Plutarch tells us that Hesiod ended his life by being cast into the sea by the Locrians and drowned. But dolphins wafted his corpse to the shore and thus brought the murder to light. Hesiod's dog evinced such enmity towards the sons of Ganyctor of Naupactium that suspicion fell on them and they were accused of the vile deed. Proof of their crime was easily found and they were punished with death.

6. *Xantippus and his Dog*

Menaced by the innumerable hosts of Xerxes, the Athenians took to their ships in order to find refuge in Salamis. Desolation reigned in the deserted city, and even the domestic animals partook of the public mourning. It was truly touching to hear the howling of the dogs and see them running into the sea after the masters who were abandoning them.

Among others was the dog of Xantippus, the father of Pericles and himself a noted Athenian general. Unable to bear parting from his master this creature leaped into the sea and swam after the vessel as far as Salamis, where it crawled up the beach, only to die of exhaustion. Plutarch, who records this incident, adds that in his day they still showed the spot where this faithful dog had been buried, the place being called Cynossema, the Burial Place of the Dog.

7. *The Dog Capparus*

Once upon a time a thief broke into the temple of Aesculapius, stole a number of gold and silver vessels, and crept out, thinking that he had not been seen. But a dog named Capparus, who slept in the temple, began barking loudly at sight of the intruder. None of the attendant priests came, however, to see what was happening or even heard the dog's appeals for help. Undeterred in his duty nevertheless, Capparus started off after the sacrilegious rogue and though the man threw stones to drive him back, kept up the pursuit.

When day was come the dog stopped somewhat behind but did not lose sight of his quarry. The thief tossed bits of bread at him, but Capparus left them untouched; when night fell he lay down at some distance without ever losing sight of the thief; when they met others on the road he fawned on them and then ran towards the robber, barking his loudest as though trying to make all understand what he meant and stop the criminal.

Later on, those in pursuit of the miscreant heard of the dog from passers-by and from their description recognized him as Capparus. With all the greater eagerness they

followed in the chase and ended by catching the man between Corinth and Megara. Thence they took him to Athens, the dog leading the way and by his lively demonstrations of pleasure seeming to celebrate the capture that had been possible only through his vigilance. The Athenians decreed that Capparos should be fed from the city funds and a man specially charged to take care of him and see to his comfort.

8. *The Dog of Pyrrhus*

In the course of one of his expeditions Pyrrhus the king came across a dog standing over the body of a man who had recently been slain. Learning that the animal had been thus three days without food and never leaving the corpse for one instant, the king caused the body to be buried and led the dog away, ordering his people to take the utmost care of him. Some days later Pyrrhus held a review of his army, seated on his throne as the troops marched past. The dog was sitting tranquilly at his side when suddenly it sprang forward, barking furiously, and leaped at some soldiers whom it recognized as its late master's murderers. Pyrrhus had them bound at once, they were put to the question, confessed their guilt, and received the punishment they deserved.

9. *Lycurgus's Two Puppies*

Desirous of impressing upon the Spartans the need of proper education for their children, Lycurgus reared a couple of puppies each in a different manner. One was trained to follow the hare, the other was left to

do nothing but eat, drink and sleep the day away.

When this canine education was completed, Lycurgus summoned the people to the market-place and delivered a moving discourse on the fruits of good training. He produced his two dogs and placed before them a plate of broth; at the same time he released a hare. The good dog paid no heed to the broth but dashed after the hare and caught it; the other looked neither to right nor to left but settled down to lick clean the dish.

10. *Melampithe*

A certain merchant of Corinth was sent by the magistrates of his city on a mission to Salamis. This man had a big poodle named Melampithe, which he was accustomed to take with him on his travels; but on this occasion the dog was unable to follow his master to the boat as, at the moment of departure, he happened to be shut up in a distant room of the house. The man had not long boarded the vessel that was to take him to Salamis when Melampithe found means to get out of the window. Dashing to the quayside he looked eagerly to right and left until at last he perceived the ship standing well out to sea before a favourable breeze. He growled, gave a sharp bark, then threw himself into the sea and started off swimming with all his might.

He had not been long in the water when a storm blew up, but the poodle kept on his course, swallowing water and from time to time shaking his ears until at last he managed to catch up with the ship. Tossed hither and thither by the waves he waited until the sea went down and the sun came out. His master, who had been watching his battle with the elements, hastened to the captain and

besought him to heave to and lower a ship's boy on a rope to rescue the dog and bring him on board. But the captain gave a curt refusal and when the Greek offered him a handsome reward replied that he was not going to heave to or put the ship off her course for the sake of a dog. The other passengers, who were all eager to reach port, backed the captain in his refusal, so Melampithe was left to go on swimming while they made sail for Salamis.

As soon as he was on land the Greek merchant hurried down to the water's edge and gazed out to sea, seeking in vain for some sign of his dog, though he felt sure that the faithful beast must have perished. At last he saw his poodle, so exhausted that he just bobbed up and down on the ripples of a sea that was now as smooth as a mirror. As he drifted in near the shore there appeared to be still a little energy left in his body; he struggled forward, and when a wave cast him gently on the sandy shore, he staggered to rise, but fell dead at the feet of his master.

11. *Alcibiades and his Dog*

When the attention of the Athenians was beginning to turn in discontent on their government, and they clamoured for an inquiry into the conduct of their leaders, Alcibiades, the disciple of Socrates, diverted their minds from such dangerous courses by cutting off the tail of his dog. He succeeded completely in his ruse, thus proving how frivolous and empty-minded the multitude can be, how easily deceived and diverted from the consideration of their most vital interests.

What is less known is the fact that this same dog performed an act of courage more worthy to make his name known to posterity. One day he was attacked by four

robbers in the streets of Athens, who tried to wrest from him the massive gold collar engraved with his own name and that of his master. Their attempt was abortive, for the dog turned on the rascals so fiercely that three of them took to their heels and disappeared. As for the fourth, the dog did him no harm but gripping him firmly by the wrist led him to Alcibiades, who had been told what was happening by one of the crowd who had gathered to watch the fight.

This dog made himself famous by yet another remarkable deed. Pharnabazus, a satrap of Persia and principal minister of the monarch of that kingdom, shamefully murdered Alcibiades at the instigation of Lysander, tyrant of Athens. Thinking no harm of a man he had always trusted as a friend, and relying too implicitly on the sacred laws of hospitality, the illustrious Greek exposed himself to a rain of darts hurled at him by unseen assassins as he fled half-naked from the house which they had just set on fire. His faithful dog, who followed him was likewise covered with wounds. Though himself in the pangs of death, so long as he had strength he did not cease to pull darts from his master's bleeding corpse, until Alcibiades's inseparable friend Perimander cast his cloak over the two bodies.

12. *Hyrancus, dog of Lysimachus, King of Macedon*

When Lysimachus fell in his last fierce battle with Seleucus, King of Syria, his body would never have been found had it not been for the whimpering of the little dog that crouched by his side. When the dead monarch was

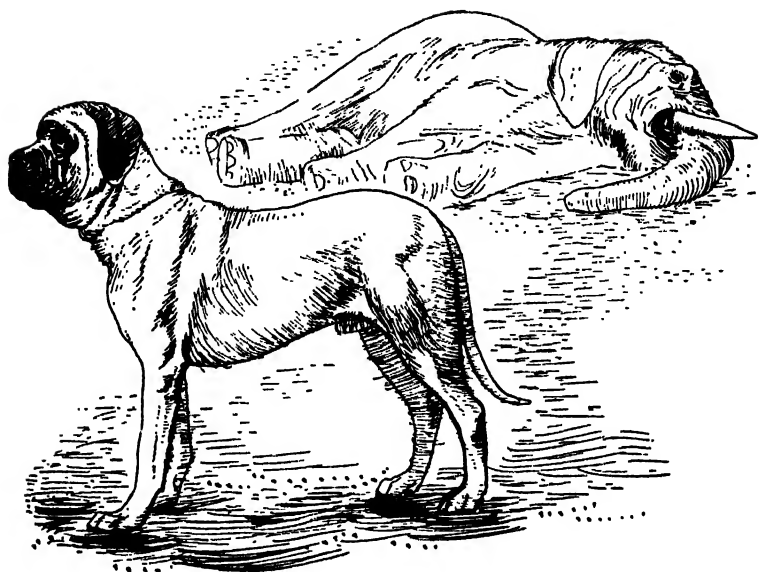
taken to his burial, Hyrancus could not be induced to leave the body, and when a light was put to the pyre he perished in the flames.

13. *Peritas, the dog of Alexander the Great*

When Alexander set out for the conquest of India, the King of Albania made him a present of an enormous mastiff. The sight of this powerful creature afforded the utmost pleasure to the conqueror, and to prove his worth he was taken to the arena and faced with bears, then with wild boars, and finally with fallow-deer. But scorning to notice such mean opponents the great dog lay still, without so much as stirring a limb. Himself the personification of energy and courage, Alexander was indignant at seeing such indolence in so great a body, and had the dog destroyed.

When the King of Albania was told of this he sent another mastiff of the same family, on the express condition that Peritas, as the dog was named, should not be put to such foolish tests but should be measured with a lion, an elephant, or something really worthy his notice. He added that there had been but two such mastiffs in existence, and that if this one should share the fate of his predecessor the world would be the poorer, for the race would be extinct.

Accepting the gift and its conditions, the Macedonian pitted Peritas with a lion, which was tossed to the ground dead in a moment. Then the mastiff was faced with an elephant, and never was there a stranger spectacle. His mane began to bristle at once, and growling ferociously



Peritas hurled himself on the great beast's flanks, first on one side and then on the other, showing both cunning and courage as he dashed forward and then darted back. At last, dazed and bleeding, the monster crumpled up and fell, with a thud that made the very ground tremble.

When this much-loved mastiff died his body was opened and Eustachius records that the heart was found to be covered with hair. To perpetuate his memory Alexander built the city of Cynopolis, where he erected temples and monuments in his honour.

14. *The Dogs of Rome*

Like Corinth, Rome had its garrison of dogs that were entrusted with the safe-keeping of the Capitol. But when

the Gauls invested the city and sought to starve it out, these dogs, famished and ravenous, forgot their duty and the need for vigilance, and threw themselves avidly on lumps of meat thrown to them by the enemy. The stratagem would, indeed, have succeeded had not the geese of the Capitol taken fright and by their cackling warned the defenders in time to enable them to repel the invaders and save the city. This incident was long commemorated in Rome by parading through the streets a litter on which were placed for all to see a crucified dog and a golden goose.

15. *Sabinus and his Dog*

Sabinus offended the Emperor Tiberius, was cast into prison, and condemned to death. His dog went with him to the dungeon and followed to the place of execution. After the victim's head had been severed from the body, the dog crouched beside the remains, not to be driven away even by the kicks and blows of the executioners.

In cases of capital punishment the dead man's body was usually thrown into the Gemonie or common pit for corpses where it was kept for a day or two in the custody of a couple of soldiers. The men on guard over Sabinus's corpse were moved with pity for the dog, which stood howling and whining by his dead master's body. They tried to coax him away, and though at first he responded to their blandishments, when he saw that his master still lay on the ground motionless and drenched in blood, he went back to his watch and continued there howling dolefully.

When the time came for the soldiers to have their dinner they threw him some food, imagining that he would be as hungry as they were. He took the bread in his teeth

and carried it to his master, trying to force it between the close-locked jaws. Later, when the body was thrown into the Tiber, he leaped in after it, as though to rescue his master from drowning. Diving deep into the flowing water, he brought the body to the surface and did his utmost to keep it afloat and drag it to the bank. Twice did the corpse slip from his jaws, and twice did he dive after it; at last, seeing that all his efforts were in vain, and feeling his own strength going, he gripped his master's clothing in his fangs and sank with him for the last time to the depths of the river.

16. *Moera*

Icarius, father of the maid Erigone, one day gave some strong new wine to a party of young rustics who were ignorant of its potency. Roaring drunk and out of their senses, the fellows turned on Icarius and slew him, afterwards hiding the body at the bottom of a well. All this was witnessed by Icarius's little dog, Moera. The fame that has perpetuated her name to this day rests not upon songs or eulogies, or the fine sayings of poets, nor even the praises lavished on her by fine ladies; it rests upon her intelligence and fidelity. Barking and howling she ran to Erigone, and dragging at her dress led the girl to the well into which her father had been cast. The dreadful sight that met her eyes filled Erigone with terror and in a frenzy of despair she hanged herself from a nearby tree. Thus bereft of both master and mistress, the little dog refused all food and died of hunger. Legend says that the gods changed Icarius into the star Boötes, Erigone into the constellation of Virgo, and the little dog Moera into the bright star Canis Major.

17. Zoppico the Comedian

Plutarch tells of a spaniel named Zoppico who was very clever at performing in pantomime. In one of these shows, given in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, father of Titus, the dog had to act a death scene. After eating some apparently poisoned food—in reality an ordinary piece of bread—he turned his head, cast up his eyes, shivered and trembled, and eventually toppled to the ground in an agony of convulsions. There he lay, after a moment, inert and still as though dead. Exhibiting the most extravagant grief, the exhibitor of the show felt the little body all over, pulled its tail and then, with the paws, and dragged the lifeless creature the whole length of the stage without the dog moving a muscle.

Suddenly, at a slight change of tone in his master's voice, Zoppico jumped up and shook himself vigorously. Then, standing on his hind legs, he made a low bow to the spectators, who applauded the performance and threw him all sorts of cakes and tit-bits. Furious and proudly and of admiration for so clever a dog the greatest writers of the day were eager to celebrate the name of Zoppico in poems and letters.

18. Delta, the Dog of Herculæum

When the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculæum were at last unearthed from the ashes and lava of Vesuvius, the skeleton of a ten-year-old boy was found in the midst of a heap of precious objects, and lying across it the bones of a dog. The archæologists who examined these finds conjectured from the position of the animal's remains

that it had deliberately shared the fate of its young master when disaster overtook them, and this was confirmed by the discovery of a beautifully wrought collar (subsequently placed in the gallery of antiquities of the Grand Duke of Tuscany). On this collar is engraved a now almost indecipherable inscription in Greek, saying that the dog's name was Delta, and that he belonged to a certain Severinus. Three times had Delta saved his master's life: once from drowning in a deep pool, the second time by driving away a band of robbers who sprang upon him in the dark, and finally by strangling a ferocious she-wolf that attacked Severinus when he came upon her cubs in a wood dedicated to Diana, and tried to take them away. The inscription ended by saying that Delta was especially devoted to his master's only son, suffering no harm to come to him and refusing food from any hand but the boy's.

These particulars, and the evidence provided by what they had found, permitted of no doubt as to the identity of the dog of Herculaneum who had refused to abandon his young master when the catastrophe befell the city.

19. *The Discovery of the Hot Springs of Plombières*

In the days of the Roman occupation of Gaul, one of Cæsar's officers was accustomed to hunt in a forest some distance from his camp. After several visits to this place he noticed that his hound frequently abandoned the chase to go routing among the thickets, often to disappear for days at a time. Curious as to the cause of such odd behaviour, one day the Roman followed the animal and

was led to a spring of water welling up at the foot of an oak tree. This water was very hot, and the dog steeped himself and wallowed in it with every sign of the utmost enjoyment, for he suffered from the itch and knew by instinct that this steaming water had certain healing virtues.

When Cæsar was told of the discovery he caused a basin to be built to collect the water as it bubbled up from the spring, and ever since that day the water of Plombières has been recognized as a specific for skin complaints.

CHAPTER THREE

IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The best qualities found in man are
those belonging to the dog.

Carlet, the painter

1. *The Dog of Fontainebleau*

IN the time of the Crusades a certain young hunter, mounted on a fleet charger, was one day chasing a roe-deer in the dense and gloomy forest that in those times lay to the south and east of Paris, though neither he nor his dog could overtake the quarry. No sooner had the huntsman got within arrow-shot than the roebuck sped forward with amazing celerity and in a few bounds was lost among the trees or rocks. This tantalizing sport took place on several days running, and however astutely the hound sought to cut off its retreat, the deer escaped his clutches. This only served to make the hunter yet more eager to bring down the mysterious creature.

One afternoon, following a morning spent in this fruitless chase, the huntsman realized that he was lost in the forest. By this time he was so consumed with thirst that he gave no further thought to the elusive roebuck but in vain sought some spring or pool where he could moisten his parched throat. At last, overcome with exhaustion, he threw himself on the ground, his dog by his side. No less thirsty and worn out than his master, the

faithful creature forgot his own condition on seeing the friend he loved succumb, and began to whine and lick his face and hands.

Coming to himself for a moment, the hunter made his dog understand by signs that he must look for water, and so intelligent was the beast that he understood at once what was required of him and disappeared into the forest. What seemed to the prostrate man a very long hour passed before his hound returned, barking delightedly. He began to caress his master as though urging him to follow, and presently the two of them made their way through the undergrowth to a clearing in the trees.

Bleau, as the dog was called, stopped at the foot of a beech tree, scabbled up the soil violently, and as he did so a little stream of water sprang up beneath his paws. Their lives were saved, and as soon as he was restored the huntsman made his way home; but he and his hound often went back to slake their thirst at the mysterious spring.

Some years passed and Bleau died. As a token of love for his lost friend the huntsman led his newly-wed bride to the forest spring and told her the story of how the dog had saved his life. They thereupon resolved that the memory of the faithful creature should be forever perpetuated by giving the name of Fontaine Bleau—Bleau's Fountain—to the forest spring he had discovered, and later on they built a little country house for themselves on the site. As time went by, what had been but a rural retreat grew into a village and at length into a town. Then the palace was built and for some years the name was changed to Fontaine-Belle-Eau, or Spring of Pure Water. But in the end the old name returned and Bleau's name is to this day perpetuated in Fontainebleau.

2. *Carpillon*

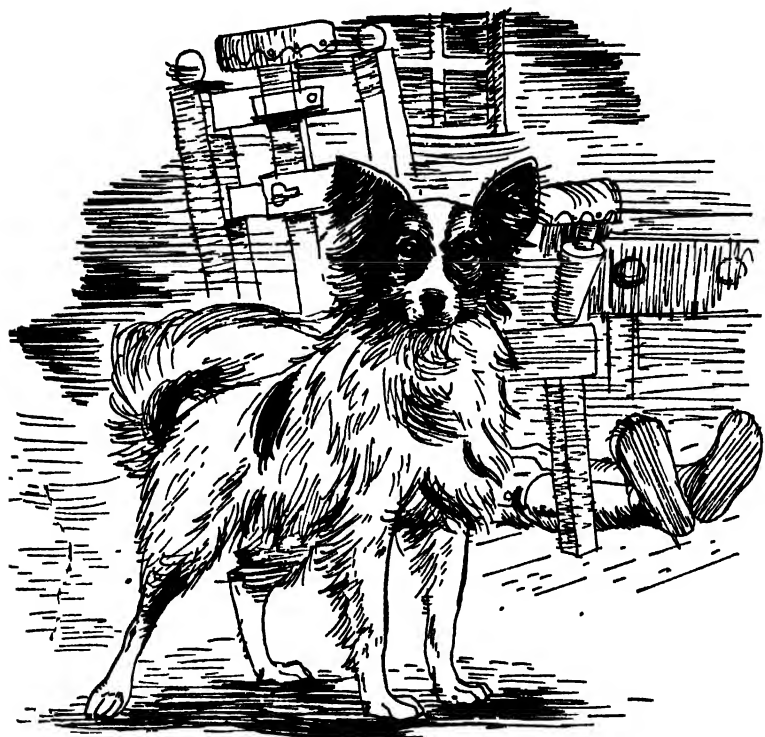
When Saint Louis reigned in Paris, a certain barber named Olivier Galipaud dwelt at the corner of Rue Deux Ermites and Rue Marmousets. His next-door neighbour was Grimaldi, a Florentine pastrycook. They were both well-to-do men with flourishing businesses.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1260, one of the bell-ringers of Notre Dame, passing along Rue Marmousets, turned in at Galipaud's shop to be shaved, his dog *Carpillon* at his heels. Bidding the dog wait for him at the doorway, Lefèvre the bell-ringer went into the back shop where the barber was waiting for him.

Some minutes later *Carpillon* heard a groan and the sound of a heavy fall. Pricking up his ears, he leaped to his feet and barking loudly dashed into the back shop. He looked for his master, but the bell-ringer was nowhere to be seen. Enraged at the dog's barking, the barber seized a heavy stick and ran at the animal with the evident intention of knocking him senseless, but *Carpillon* dodged the blow, sprang at his aggressor's legs, bit him once or twice and then ran away growling to hide under a heavy piece of furniture.

While all this was going on two of the bell-ringer's friends entered the front room of the barber's shop. The dog instantly recognized their voices and crawling out of his retreat ran to them whining pitifully. As soon as they saw him the men asked where their friend Lefèvre was, but at the sound of his master's name *Carpillon* grew even more agitated, sprang at the barber and chased him into his back room. The two men followed, but at the doorway paused as if rooted to the ground, aghast at the sight of Galipaud, who stood clutching a cap dripping

with blood. The sudden pallor of the barber and his look of terror were sufficient confession of guilt. There could be no shadow of doubt but that he had murdered his customer.



Realizing that all was lost, Galipaud made a dash for the door but the dead man's friends blocked the way and shouted for help. The barber was pinioned and, informed of what had happened, the magistrates were soon on the spot to begin a strict search into all the facts of the crime. Their investigations led to dreadful discoveries.

Olivier Galipaud was a murderer and the pastrycook

was his accomplice. In the barber's back shop was a trap-door opening into the cellar. As soon as the barber had cut his victim's throat he would shove him on to the trapdoor, pull the bolt, and drop the body below. Every night after such a murder Galipaud would go down to the cellar and cut the body into pieces. The head and largest bones were put into a sack and dropped without further delay into the Seine; the flesh was bought by Grimaldi to be made into those succulent meat pies which people from all parts of Paris came to buy.

But few days elapsed after their arrest before the two miscreants were burned alive in the Place de Grève. The house where the atrocities had been committed was razed to the ground and a great stone block placed to mark the sight. On this stone was a carving depicting Carpillon, the faithful dog who had brought such vile criminals to justice.¹

3. *St. Roche and his Dog*

Saint Roche was born in 1295, at Montpellier where, in due time, he studied medicine. Learning that the inhabitants of Rome and Piacenza were being decimated by the plague, he set off to give what aid he could to the stricken victims. Succumbing himself to the dreadful scourge, rather than infect others he betook himself to the depths of a forest where no one could find him. But a dog named Gothard, belonging to a nobleman of the neighbourhood, took him food every day; and that is the reason why the saint is always pictured as followed by a dog—double symbol of sacrifice and devotion.

¹ This is indeed an embellished variation of the Sweeney Todd story.—*Trans.*

4. *Yoland, the Duke of Brittany's Greyhound*

A certain dog played a momentous part in the War of the Two Jeannes that was fought over the succession to the title and estates of Jean III, Duke of Brittany. When an old man the Duke adopted as his heiress his niece Jeanne de Penthievre, and sought for her a suitable husband. There were three aspirants, all of the highest rank; choice had to be made between Charles de Blois, nephew of the King of France, Charles d'Évreux, son of the King of Navarre, and John Plantagenet, brother of the King of England.

The Duke of Brittany was very superstitious. When the day came for declaring his choice of a husband for his niece, he was still undecided which of the young men to select, so he sent for his greyhound Yoland and made him place a paw on the Book of Hours, swearing a solemn oath that if the first letter on the first page opened was a B he would give her to de Blois, if an E to d'Évreux, if a P to John Plantagenet. Yoland accordingly placed his paw at the edge of the book, but when it was opened, the first letter on the page proved to be Y. The Duke roared with laughter at the idea of his dog being married to his niece, and changing the method of divination announced that the dog himself should choose one of the suitors by going up to him when they appeared before the Duke. Yoland's selection should be final. All this took place in the Duke's bedchamber in his castle at Nantes.

Now, that very morning his niece came from her apartments to pay her daily respects to the Duke, and reaching his room unperceived, she heard what he said

and hid behind a great chest to learn what her fate was to be. Her heart beat wildly when the greyhound put his paw on the Book of Hours; she breathed again freely when she heard that the first letter was neither E nor P—though she would have been delighted had it been B. Anxious at the outcome of all this divination, she did her best to finish the whole affair by going up and kissing her uncle. At this very moment a servant appeared to announce that the three princes were in the Great Hall, waiting to learn which of them was to be the happy suitor.

The young girl had no say in the matter and her uncle forbade her to be present at the solemn ceremony that was to take place. But Jeanne de Penthievre was so determined to know the name of the man who was to be her husband that she hid behind the arras where she could at least hear what was happening.

When the Duke entered the Hall, each of the three princes in his turn put forward his claim to the heiress's hand, enumerating his rank and titles and the degree of his wealth. Charles de Blois, however, demanded that Jeanne herself should be summoned to name the victor in this tourney, since the Duke had shown no preference and none of the three wished to marry the girl against her will.

An ingenious idea had, however, occurred to the young princess. She held the greyhound in her arms behind the arras, and as she had often bid him go to such or such a person and make a fuss of him, so now she lifted a corner of the tapestry, pointed out Charles de Blois, and let the dog loose. He dashed into the Hall, ran up to the young prince, smelled him, licked his hand and then, rising on his hind legs, placed his forepaws on Charles's shoulders. To all the onlookers this was indeed a sign that

could not be neglected; the Duke took it as nothing less than the voice of destiny, and rising from his chair he took the young man's hand and formally gave him in marriage his niece Jeanne, with the Duchy of Brittany as her inheritance.

Charles de Blois and Jeanne de Penthièvre were duly married, the Estates of Brittany approving their duke's choice. Notwithstanding this her uncle Jean de Montfort and his wife Jeanne de Flandre asserted their right to the duchy and on the death of Duke Jean III at once declared war on Charles de Blois and his wife Jeanne. Much blood was shed between those who wished to uphold and those who sought to upset the greyhound's choice, and the war of the Jeannes culminated in the bloody battle of Auray.

At the very moment the two armies stood facing one another for this death-struggle the greyhound Yoland, who had followed Charles de Blois wherever he went, left his master's side and ran to the enemy lines, barking with delight as he ran up to Jean de Montfort and fawning on him as though he had long been his best friend. He put his forepaws on the saddlebow and reached up to lick his new master's hands. All who saw this took it as a presage of what the fortunes of the day were to be; they declared that the dog was gifted with second sight and had mysterious knowledge of how the battle would end. By paying court to the victor, he was surely setting a good example to all who would look to their own interests.

An hour later Charles de Blois lay dead and Jean de Montfort had taken the title of Jean IV of Brittany. A few months later Jeanne de Penthièvre was forced to renounce her title and Jean de Montfort and his wife Jeanne de Flandre reigned in her lands.

5. *Edward III's Ungrateful Dog*

It has often been said that a man can be judged by his dog, for however gentle and amenable a dog may be by nature, if his master be cruel and harsh the creature will himself acquire those characteristics. English history furnishes a remarkable example of this. As a young man Edward III was famous for his affability and the nobility of his demeanour; but as he grew old he became sour and eaten up with bitterness. When he lay breathing his last, on one side of the bed knelt his mistress wrenching a priceless diamond ring from his dying hand, on the other was his greyhound who, as soon as his master's heart ceased to beat, dashed away to rub himself against the legs of the new King.

6. *The Emperor Otto and his Oath*

It was the custom in the Middle Ages to swear by one's dog. One day the Emperor Otto was travelling in his realms when he came across a young girl all dishevelled and distraught, weeping by the wayside.

'What has happened?' he asked. 'Why do you cry?'

'Sire, I have been ravished.'

'Diable! That's a serious crime!' he exclaimed.

'It is indeed serious and I demand justice.'

'Justice you shall have. I cannot stay here now but on my return I will hang the villain!'

'Alas, Sire, by then you will have forgotten all about me.'

'No, I swear by my dog that I will hang him.'

Some time later the Emperor returned that way and sent for the girl.

'I remember your trouble,' he said. 'Here I am, name the culprit.'

'Ah, Sire, that is all over. A month ago he married me and I am now expecting his child.'

'That does not concern me,' replied Otto. 'I have sworn by my dog that I would hang him, and hang him I will. I must keep my oath.'

The man was accordingly brought before the Emperor and was hanged without more ado.

7. *Saur, the Dog-king of Norway*

In a certain valley of Oppland, in Norway, there stands a monument to Saur, the famous mastiff who in very ancient times was called King of Norway. We are told that after a certain King Ostein had been driven from the country by his people, he returned at the head of a numerous army and reduced the rebels to subjection. To punish those who had driven him forth he gave them the choice of either a dog or a slave to be their legitimate sovereign. Aghast at this dilemma the inhabitants of the valley expressed their preference for a dog. So they were given the mastiff Saur to govern them. He ascended the throne with the title of Majesty, and held court with the proper officers of the household and men-at-arms. When he appeared in public Saur was escorted by a numerous and picturesque bodyguard, and if it chanced to be wet weather or snow, liveried henchmen bore him in their arms that he might not wet his paws.

The mastiff reigned for three years. He put forth several edicts and delivered weighty judgments that were sealed with his sign manual, the tip of a claw. No sooner, however, had his subjects grown accustomed to their singular

monarch than he departed this life, the victim of heroism and devotion to duty. In all his regal state Saur had never forgotten his original calling, that of guardian to the flocks, and he loved to make his way into the fields or to watch the sheep browsing on the hillside. One day as he stood surrounded by his attendants, he saw a wolf steal out of the forest and spring on a lamb. With no thought but for the crime being committed before his very eyes, and urged on by the false courtiers at his side who, instead of calming his ardour made him yet more excited, the King rushed at the savage thief, only to receive a mortal wound from its terrible fangs.

The funeral was a solemn affair, and Saur's tomb is on the side of a hill still called The Hill of Sorrow, and to this day the ruins of the palace built for him bear the name of Saurhoi.

8. *Berezillo the Slayer of Peruvians*

It is a well-known but none-the-less deplorable fact that on the discovery of the New World the Spaniards trained mastiffs to slaughter the natives of the countries they conquered. These dogs became veritable instruments of devastation, being inured to the sight and taste of blood. Among them was an enormous mastiff named Berezillo, of prodigious strength and no less terrible ferocity. He alone wreaked more havoc than all the brigands from Castille who called themselves his masters. He even bore badges of rank, like a soldier, each given for some horrible exploit; he received good pay and drew double rations. But the blame for such vileness lay with the men who had trained and educated the beast to such cruelty; the behaviour of the mastiff was but the fruit of the shameful example set by the Spaniards themselves.

9. *The Famous Dog of Montargis*

Charles V, the Wise, had an archer of the body-guard, Macaire by name, who was jealous of the king's partiality for Aubry de Montdidier. Lying in wait for the favourite in a dark glade of the forest, Macaire murdered him and buried the body. But Aubry's dog had witnessed this deed, and having waited for a while by the ditch where his master had been hidden, he then made off for Paris where he roused the household of a friend by barking and running to the door and back. His evident distress induced some men to follow him, and he led them to the spot where the crime had been committed. There he began to scratch the ground eagerly and Aubry de Montdidier's body was soon discovered, taken to the capital, and decently interred.

A long time afterwards, as the dog was trotting behind his new master, they met a party of archers, among whom he recognized Macaire. The creature sprang at him and would have bitten him savagely had he not been held back. No notice was taken of the incident at the time, but whenever they came across the murderer the dog showed the same hostility. This aroused the suspicions of the dead man's friends and Macaire was arrested; but as he persisted in his denials he was submitted by an ancient law to what was called The Judgment of God, which meant a face-to-face encounter between accuser and accused.

It was in 1371 that the dog and Macaire were confronted with one another in a deserted plot of land on the Ile de Notre Dame. The presumed murderer had no means of defence save a cudgel, the dog none but an empty tub in which to take refuge.

As soon as the adversaries met one another the dog

made a single bound at Macaire's throat and bore him to the ground where he would have mauled him had not the judges called him off at the man's confession of the crime. The law laid it down that the Judgment of God condemned to the scaffold the guilty party, and in due course Macaire was hanged.

It may be asked how it came that all this, as it happened in Paris, should be associated with Montargis, a place far remote from the scene of the crime. The reason is that the fight between Macaire and the dog was pictured on the chimneypiece in the King's château at Montargis, where, indeed, it can still be seen. Inspired by this picture a fine play was written much later on the episode and produced at the Ambigu-Comique in Paris, under the title of *The Dog of Montargis*. In the course of its tour round the cities of Europe the play was taken to Weimar where Goethe, at that time director of the theatre, opposed its production on the grounds that the rules of the theatre forbade the appearance of animals on the stage. The Court paid no heed to his objections and preparations for the opening night went on. Enraged at such a snub Goethe quitted Weimar and went to Jena, whence he wrote to the Grand Duke declaring that His Highness would have to choose between him—Goethe—and the dog. Choice fell on the dog and the poet's resignation was accepted.

10. *The Collector of Alms*

In the days of Henry II of France there was a certain abbé named Dutrichard who was a great rascal and an even greater parasite. Without means, without a benefice, and with no employment whatever, he yet managed to live extremely well, entirely at the expense of others. He

is represented in satirical pictures as perched on his attic roof scanning the smoking chimneys of Paris to see which promised the best dinner cooking at the fire below; others portrayed him preaching against gluttony amid a battery of stew-pans and pots all overflowing with delicacies.

Dutrichard had a dog called Quêteur, the Alms Collector, that he had trained to dance and walk on his hind legs holding a basket in his mouth. When the abbé was invited out to dine, no sooner was the meal drawing to an end than he called Quêteur to dance a gavotte while the abbé himself, who was a good musician, played a tune on his pipe. After this performance the dog tossed the basket in the air several times, catching it as it fell, and then went round the table begging—the basket-round they called it.

There is little need to tell what happened. Each of the guests followed the host's example by dropping 'alms', in the shape of tit-bits, into the basket. 'Once again!' the cadger would say to his dog when it had made the round of the table, 'Once more!' When there was nothing more to be got Quêteur would trot off at a sign from his master and carry home the food. But he showed greater self-respect and decency than the abbé, for never did he touch a morsel himself, and however hungry, would stand patiently waiting to be given a bite.

11. *Liline, Mimi and Titi, the King's Dogs*

Henry III of France spent more than a hundred thousand crowns a year on hawks and dogs; well would it have been for his people if those had been the only

extravagances of that strange prince. Among his pets were three little dogs that he carried in a basket hanging from his neck by a rich silk ribbon. He used to walk about his apartments in this manner, taking the utmost pleasure in having the tiny creatures with him.

Liline, Mimi and Titi, brought from Smyrna at a fabulous cost, were unique of their kind, of an intelligence and devotion that far surpassed even their beauty. They had been trained at an early age to act as watch-dogs, and this they did to perfection. Placed by the king's bolster they took turns to watch him throughout the night. With forepaws resting on the handle of their basket, each stayed on guard until a certain clock struck the hour that announced that his turn was over, when he gently nipped the ear of his relief and in turn curled round to sleep while his successor stood up to take his duty. In such fashion did Liline, Mimi and Titi keep watch until morning, and never had king a more alert and faithful bodyguard.

Now, there was a certain priest named Clément who went to St. Cloud where the King was then living; Clément's errand was to assassinate his sovereign. He was shown into the King's bedchamber, bearing in his hand a letter which he was to present to the King and thus have the opportunity of carrying out his fell intention. As he went forward to deliver it, Liline, who seemed to sense the villain's design, sprang at him from the cushion and began barking and snapping furiously. This was in strange contrast to the gentle, friendly creature's nature and might well have aroused the King's suspicions, yet he ordered the three dogs to be taken into the next room. When the servant lifted her up Liline became even more excited, and barked at Clément as though to denounce him for his wickedness. No sooner was she out of sight

than Henry received two mortal stabs in the belly from the priest's dagger and fell to the floor bathed in blood.

It may well be that the faithful Liline would have disconcerted or frightened the murderer by her barking had she been allowed to remain with her master.

12. *Fanor, the King's Pug*

Henry IV of France had a much-beloved dog called Fanor, who was severely injured in a fight. According to all accounts Fanor was a skinny pug, and puffed up with conceit. Thus it was that he thought he had the right, as the King's favourite, to pick a quarrel with a sturdy and quick-tempered mongrel. In the end, Fanor was badly mauled and learned to his cost that titles and honours carry with them no right to be insolent.

The King sent him to Dieppe to be bathed and have his wounds healed in salt water, and this was the historic origin of the famous therapeutic sea-baths of Dieppe. The governor of the town, Charles Timoléon de Beaux-Ongles, Seigneur de Sygognes, gave the dog a great reception, held festivities in his honour and completely gained thereby the King's favour, for he said in all seriousness, '*Quy m'ayme ayme mon chien*', Love me, love my dog.

13. *Wildbrat the Faithful*

When fortune turned its back on him King Christian I of Denmark was deserted by all his friends and courtiers—by all, that is, save his dog Wildbrat. The contrast between the attachment of this dog and the behaviour of the many of whom he had been a benefactor made such

an impression on the monarch that when better days came he commemorated the fact in the initials engraved on the collar of the highest order of chivalry in Denmark—T.I.W.B. which is the abbreviation of Danish words meaning, 'Wildbrat was Faithful'.

14. *A Dog who Caught Crayfish*

The Franciscan friars of Étampes had a spaniel whom they set to catch crayfish. The dog would lie in the water as though drowned until crayfish gathered round to nibble at him, they then became entangled in his long hair and when he got a haul of them he would come ashore draped with his prey. This animal furnished the convent with another source of income, for besides providing the kitchen with crayfish he attracted visitors who were curious to see him lying in the sea and on their departure never forgot to leave a substantial token of their generosity.

One day the dog was drowned. A tomb was erected to him in the convent garden with a Latin inscription that encouraged visitors not to let the fisherman's death interfere with the expression of their appreciation:

Hic piscator, hic est cujus solertia nuper
Aurca scraphicae renoverat secula gentis;
Quem sors eripuit, postquam invida regnat egestas
Longum heu! regnatura nisi tu forte viator,
Pellis et auriferum supples tua dextra catellum.

Which may be translated into English as:

Here lies the fisher, he whose priceless skill

Nourished the holy brethren and the till.
Fate took him off; now pangs of hunger reign,
And long, alas! will reign unless some happy
Rich traveller—you that read, perhaps—should deign
To banish them, by giving us a puppy.

15. *Benvenuto Cellini's Dog*

One night the famous Florentine artist and craftsman lay plunged in deep sleep when a thief, who had presented himself the previous evening as a journeyman goldsmith and had seen a quantity of precious stones lying about, succeeded in breaking into the workshop. While he was trying to force the lock of a casket in order to get at the jewels he was after, the watch-dog sprang at him. The man defended himself with his sword, forced the dog back and eventually drove him into the house.

As his barking failed to awaken Cellini's artisans, the dog ran up to the garret where they were sleeping, dragged off their bed covers, and tugging at the arms of now one now another, at last succeeded in waking the men up. But when he tried to make them go to the workshop they were too sleepy to understand what he was trying to say and ended by shutting the door on him. When morning came they went down to find the door of the workshop open and the jewels gone.

Seeing that all his attempts to summon help were fruitless, the dog hurried down and ran after the thief. He had caught him by the cloak and was dragging him to the ground when the rascal appealed to some men who were passing by and cried for their help against a mad dog. It was with the utmost difficulty that at last they succeeded in driving off the snarling creature.

Now it chanced that one day Benvenuto was crossing the Piazza Navona with his spaniel at his heels, when the latter suddenly hurled himself on a young man whom the archers of the guard were at that very moment arresting at the instance of a goldsmith who accused him of theft. The dog was so ferocious and made such attempts to strangle the fellow that the archers took pity on him and threatened to kill the beast if his master did not call him off. Benvenuto succeeded in quietening the animal, but as the man sought to readjust his clothes, that had been almost pulled off him by the dog, several small packages fell from his hood, containing objects of value, and among them a small ring that had been stolen from the goldsmith who had started the huc and cry. It is not recorded that Cellini got back his jewels.

16. *Relais the Griffon*

Relais was one of those dogs called griffons introduced by Louis XII and often employed by him in hunting fallow deer in the forest of Rambouillet. Relais was the most famous of his breed. The length and breadth of France were the theatre of his exploits, for his master was a keen huntsman and in every forest of every province the griffon became the terror of all the game. Unconfined by a leash, for the other dogs were coupled together two and two, he ran free and at ease at the head of the hunt, showing the way the deer had gone or leading the hounds back when they went astray. If he himself tracked down a buck as darkness was coming on, he would lie down at the place and rise with the dawn to pick up the scent, nor return except with the spoil. His name was in everyone's mouth, he was petted by all, especially by the King who

honoured him by writing an account of his virtues. Relais was in his thirteenth year when, on the very day of his death, in full view of the King and the entire Court, he chased and brought down a six-tined stag.

17. *Dauntless*

IN the middle of the fifteenth century there appeared at one end of the Island of Rhodes a serpent of exceptional, thitherto unimagined size. The ravages committed by this dragon-like creature were beyond description. Many knights Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem, the fame of whose deeds is recorded in history, set out to fight and destroy the monster, but of all who set out on this adventure not one returned to tell the tale. Terror at its ferocity became general and at last the Grand Master forbade under the severest penalties any of his subjects to go out against it, for it was a hopeless enterprise.

Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, a certain knight Hospitaller, moved by a desire for renown and love of his fellow men, determined to slay the beast. This was Dieudonné de Gozon, a youth of delicate bearing but of indomitable courage. Seeing that ordinary arms were useless against an enemy of such a nature, he devised a plan of his own. Skilled workmen in the island were set to making a pasteboard serpent resembling the dreaded monster that infested the island. Then Dieudonné procured a dozen thorough-bred bulldogs. Every day he set the beasts on the dummy serpent, training them for the attack by making the thing advance and retire, rear and writhe by means of cords and springs.

After two years of such training the knight set forth one

morning on his perilous enterprise. Astride a fully-armoured charger, bearing in his hand a barbed lance, and followed by his bulldogs, he rode to the dreadful cave where the serpent lived. He was met by the creature in all its fury and at the first encounter five dogs were torn to pieces. The reptile then made towards the knight himself.



He gripped his lance in readiness and was prepared to receive the onslaught when, at the critical moment, his horse reared and threw him to the ground. The serpent hurled itself at de Gozon, but as it did so the remaining dogs sprang at its uncoiled body, drove their great fangs deep into its flesh, and worried and mauled it until great scales were torn off here and there and the creature became even more infuriated.

For three hours de Gozon fought on foot, expecting to

meet his end at any moment, as indeed he would have done had not one of his bulldogs called Dauntless come to his aid and leaped at the monster's neck, tearing it savagely with his fierce teeth. Gathering his forces for a last blow, the knight gripped his lance with both hands and drove it with all his force deep down the creature's throat.

Of the twelve bulldogs, only Dauntless was left alive. He was led from one end of the island to the other, with the serpent empaled on a great stake, while the heralds joyfully announced to the people their deliverance, with shouts of 'Here is Dauntless, the dog who saved Dieu-donné, the slayer of the serpent.'

18. *A Champion of the Reformation*

When Henry VIII of England had almost completed his break with Rome, he decided to make a last attempt to obtain the Pope's consent to his divorce. On his side, the Pope was eager to avert a schism and was in the most favourable disposition to listen to what the King had to say. For this important negotiation Henry chose the Earl of Wiltshire, a man distinguished by worth no less than by rank.

The Earl had a dog of whom he was inordinately fond, and the creature never left his side. When he was admitted to his first audience with the Pope, as soon as His Holiness stretched out his foot for the ambassador to kiss his toe, the faithful hound took it as a threatening gesture, sprang forward and nipped the pontiff so sharply on the calf that he drew blood.

The audience was suspended at once, negotiations were broken off, and the Reformation in England began in earnest.

19. *The Packman of Lambeth and his Dog*

A very poor packman was one day passing a vacant plot of land in Lambeth when his dog ran from his side and began to scratch the earth in a certain spot; nor would he come back when the pedlar called him. Astonished at such obstinacy, and suspecting that there must be something hidden there, the man prodded the ground with his staff and feeling a hard object, thrust aside the soil and uncovered a large pot full of gold pieces. Saying nothing to anyone, he bought the plot with some of the gold and settled in the parish. It may well be imagined what a fuss he made of the dog that had brought him such fortune, and what fame was his when at last the story got abroad. The plot of land was something over an acre in area, and to this day is known as Pedlar's Acre. It is now a very valuable site.

In 1504 the packman made a gift of the land to the parish on condition that his portrait and that of his dog should be forever preserved in a panel in one of the church windows. The parishioners carried out this condition with the utmost zeal and that is how it happened that one of the stained-glass windows in Lambeth parish church used to contain the picture of the packman and his dog.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

This creature is more rational
than we.

Buffon

1. *The Prince of Orange's Dog*

ONE day as the Prince of Orange sat at dinner, a dog that had been kicked by all at table took refuge under the Prince's chair. In vain did the Prince try to shoo him away; at last he was obliged to have the servants turn him out of the room. But the animal never failed to appear at dinner time, to take his place at the feet of the master he had chosen for his own. At last, tired of driving him off, and observing the creature's constancy, the Prince gave orders that he was to be allowed to remain, and even went so far as to feed him with his own hand. The dog became, indeed, a familiar friend and, like some new courtier, accompanied his master everywhere; though there the resemblance ceased, for he never asked anything for himself. He slept at the door of the Prince's bed-chamber and welcomed him as soon as he arose. If the Prince left the palace, the dog trotted beside the state coach, like one of the bodyguard.

All this pleased the Prince of Orange greatly and he made much of the dog, allowing him into his private cabinet and treating him as a trusty friend. When he

died he bequeathed the animal a sum of money sufficient to maintain him in luxury for the rest of his life, and long did he live to enjoy it.

2. *The Dog of the Doria Palace*

In the gardens of the Doria Palace in Genoa there used to stand a magnificent marble mausoleum erected to the memory of a dog that had been the favourite of that great sailor Andrea Doria, admiral of the fleets of Francis I and the Emperor Charles V. During its lifetime, which ended in 1605, this dog received from Philip II of Spain an annual pension of five hundred ducats, and was waited on by two slaves who served up its meals on plates of gold.

3. *Dragon*

The poet Dryden was very fond of paying visits to his friends in the country whenever he could get away from London. Sometimes he would go as far as a hundred miles or so from the capital, staying at manor houses and mansions where he was always a very welcome guest. As it was by no means rare in those days to encounter on the roads gentry who made a practice of relieving travellers of their purses and other valuables, Dryden usually took with him a big and powerful greyhound called Dragon.

One morning as he was taking a short cut through some woods on the way to visit his friend Lord Harley, a beggar accosted him and demanded alms. Dryden tossed him a shilling. Then a second beggar appeared with a like demand and in his turn was given a shilling. A third

arrived with the same request and had the same reply. Finally two rascals pushed their way up to the poet—two repulsive fellows with long beards and wooden legs, and making a pretence of being dumb. Up they came, clip-clopping on their peg-legs and crutches, laughing up their sleeves as they made signs of distress and held out their hats for the couple of shillings that were at once thrown into them.

By this time Dryden was beginning to feel uneasy, for all five rogues were gathered round him. He looked about to see if there chanced to be any other wayfarer whose company he might seek, but as he turned his head one of the 'dumb' villains clapped a pistol to his throat and speaking perfectly distinctly demanded his purse. There was no room for misunderstanding, and the purse was handed over without more ado. The other 'dumb' fellow then asked what time it was, and taking this broad hint the victim pulled out his watch and passed it over.

All this time Dryden was in a quandary; he knew he could rely on Dragon to fly at them if he gave but the slightest sign, yet he hesitated to give this sign, for five against one was hopeless odds. As these thoughts flashed through his mind he decided to permit himself to be stripped bare sooner than be murdered. So, when ordered to empty his pockets he did so without a murmur, asking only that he might keep a miniature framed in gold—a personal memento very dear to him. But the robbers said they must have everything. This was the last straw, and goaded beyond further thoughts of prudence the poet ordered Dragon to the attack.

At his word the dog sprang at the thieves. There were five rapid pistol shots, swords and knives flashed, and a noose was thrown round Dragon's neck to hold him back. Dryden himself was injured but only in the hand.

Seeing that all the rogues were occupied with Dragon the poet took to his heels and gaining the highway made his way to an inn where some woodcutters were drinking their ale. He told them of his misadventure and they jumped up to follow him back to the wood. But they had only just issued from the door when Dragon appeared, covered with wounds and bleeding profusely, a broken cord trailing from his neck. They all hastened to the scene of the attack but what was their surprise to find two ruffians lying dead, a third all torn and binding up his wounds as best he could, while the remaining couple were busily engaged in stripping their dead comrades. When they saw that the game was up they tried to make off, but the woodcutters caught them and strung them up on the nearest tree without waiting to call counsel for the defence.

Alas for Dragon! He did not survive this epic encounter. A day or two later he died from inflammation of the throat caused by the tightness of the cord with which the robbers had tried to strangle him.

4. *Mops, Mopsulus, and Saphirus*

These three dogs belonged to the learned Justus Lipsius who was so fond of them that he had separate portraits painted of each, and wrote verses to all three. When Saphirus, who was his favourite, met his death by falling into a tub of boiling water, Lipsius wrote a heart-broken letter to his friend Philip Rubens. In the library of Jena University is the portrait of Lipsius with a dog in each arm.

5. *Capuchin*

A certain knight of St. Louis, named Sandolet, had served for seven-and-thirty years under the most famous generals of Louis XIV, and in the end was so crippled and covered with scars that he was not easily recognizable as a human being. He had lost his nose at the battle of Fleurus, his right eye at the passage of the Rhine, an arm at Steinkirk, his left leg and buttock at Malplaquet; his lower jaw, carried away by a cannon-ball at the siege of Valenciennes, had been replaced by one made of wood. How was such a one to live on a pension of thirty sous a day, being so mauled and war-worn and quite unable to work? Luckily for him, Sandolet had a clever and industrious dog who supplied his master's needs. When there was no bread in the house the old soldier would open the cupboard and call Capuchin his dog to look. 'There's nothing in the bin, my boy,' the old man would say. 'Off you go and forage!'

Capuchin knew well enough what this meant and started off on his errand. He carried no basket, his master just tied a small leather bag to his collar, with a note inside addressed to some good friend who knew of his poverty. The messenger bore the note faithfully to the person concerned; presented himself humbly and submissively, and raised his head to enable the letter to be taken from the bag. While waiting for a reply Capuchin would make his way to the kitchen where he never failed to get something to eat. At the first sound of a shout he hurried to the master of the house and received the reply, which was always accompanied by a little white packet which the benefactor slipped into the leather bag separately.

An active and intelligent beggar, the dog would make

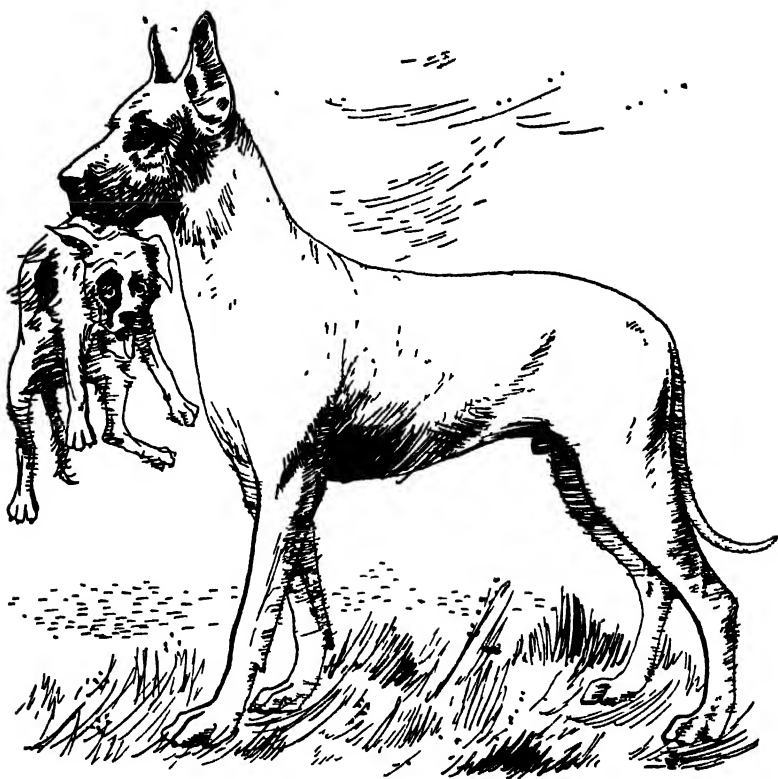
a dozen such visits in a morning. In vain might any but one of Sandolet's friends try to pat the treasure-seeker's head; he would bare his teeth and put up a fierce resistance to whoever attempted to stop him. When he got back from a visit Capuchin ran to his master and waited for him to empty the precious bag.

'Bravo!' Sandolet would cry, slapping his wooden leg in glee; 'My good Capuchin, there's still balm in Gilead!'

6. *The Great Dane*

The Grand Condé had a Great Dane who always followed him to the battlefield. When little more than a puppy he first appeared, no one knew from where, after the Battle of Fleurus and threw itself at the victor's feet. Condé was so pleased that he turned to his officers with the historic remark, 'Gentlemen, this is my share in the victory!'

As he grew bigger and stronger the dog never used his greater strength to overpower a smaller dog, for he had the spirit of chivalry and generosity that ever goes with true superiority. One day when the officers were amusing themselves on the banks of the Danube, they collected a number of dogs and set them on the Great Dane. Most of the curs, young and foolish as they were, dashed at him yapping and snapping, and some even succeeded in giving him a nip or two. The huge creature could have sent them all flying with a bite, but knowing his own strength he proved himself worthy of his race. He lifted one of the aggressors by the scruff of the neck and quietly carried him across to the other bank of the river, where he left him to bark his head off. Back again on the near bank of



the Danube one by one he treated all the others in the same fashion, and they were too scared and anxious to dry themselves to give so gallant an adversary any more trouble. Nor did Condé's officers soon forget the lesson the Great Dane had taught them.

7. *The Dogs of Corbie*

In the seventeenth century monks were among the best trainers of animals. They were even able to carry their

system of education into the most delicate matters. One of their greatest successes was undoubtedly in the monastery of Corbie where, we are told, a dog was trained to show the most exemplary devoutness when hearing Mass, for he kneeled at the Elevation, and stood at the Gospel, making all the proper motions throughout the celebration.

Even the Jesuits, occupied as they are with so many plans and schemes, condescended to try their educational methods on dogs, for in the year 1672 Father Toussaint Bridoul published a book in Lyons, with the approbation of his superiors, entitled *The Eucharistic School, treating of the reverence shown by beasts to the Holy Sacrament*.

8. Ninon de L'Enclos and Raton

Knowing of her fondness for dogs, Madame de Maintenon once gave Ninon de L'Enclos a beautiful creature not only very gentle in its ways but endowed with surprising intelligence. His name was Raton, on account of his long, rat-like tail.

It is a well-known fact that Ninon de L'Enclos prolonged a happy and fortunate life for nearly a hundred years. That she preserved something of her beauty and freshness to such extreme old age, together with her health and good humour, was owing to the sobriety and moderation she practised in all her habits. No coffee, no highly spiced stews, and never on any account strong wines or liqueurs.

When this famous 'young woman' was invited to dinner she never failed to take the little dog with her, having him placed on a cushion beside her plate, and as officer of health he kept a sharp look-out on Ninon's

diet. In contrast to many dogs who went begging from guest to guest Raton would never stir from his little cushion until dessert came when he was given a free hand and took advantage of it. Passing here and there across the table he would run up to the men and women of his acquaintance and smile his delight at seeing them, by no means a common thing with a dog.

Raton let the soup course pass without comment, and the roast as well, but if his mistress made so much as a movement in the direction of a made-up dish he would begin to grumble and fix her sternly with his eyes. Some side dishes he took less notice of than others, but many he strictly forbade, especially if they smelled at all spicy. This canine doctor let all the succulent dishes pass him without expecting so much as a leg of fowl for his own share; a macaroon or two was all he asked for.

He allowed as much fruit as his mistress desired, but coffee was sternly forbidden; the very sight of it made his eyes glow fiercely. When liqueurs made their appearance Raton would press his whole body against his mistress as though she were in grave peril, and before her little glass could be filled he would snatch it in his teeth and hide it under his cushion. If Ninon made a show of accepting the prohibited liqueur the dog would get into such a rage and behaved so furiously that all at table would burst out laughing at the quaint contrast between his mighty anger and his tiny body.

'At least, Doctor,' Mlle. de L'Enclos would say, 'at least you will permit me to drink a glass of water!'

At these words the dog would calm down, his tail would begin to wag and he would end by drinking out of the same glass as his mistress. To show that all was right between them again, he would then run round and show the utmost delight at perceiving that a well-regulated

meal had been partaken of, and that his inseparable friend's days had not been shortened by excess.

Hanging from Raton's collar was a tiny tablet on which the following words were engraved:

Faithful to my mistress
And always at her heels
Knowing full well her care for me
And ever ready to bite those who do not love her
I have never yet had to bite anyone.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Our dog loves us as we ourselves could wish to be loved by our friends.

Octave Mirbeau

1. *The Duc d'Enghien's Greyhound*

WHEN the Duc d'Enghien was arrested at Ettenheim, in Baden, and was being ferried across the Rhine to Strasbourg, his dog, a fine greyhound, appeared on the river bank, having followed the party unobserved. He then tried to get into the boat but being driven off by the soldiers, ran further up the bank, where he jumped into the Rhine, breasted the current, and crossed to the other side. He reached the opposite bank just as his master got out of the ferryboat, and greeted him with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection. Heedless of the soldiers' threats, he got to Strasbourg at the same time as the Duc d'Enghien, managed to slip into the citadel with his master, and for three days lay hidden under his bed.

On March 18, 1804, orders came to take the Duke to Paris. Troops went to his cell to wake him up and were amazed to find the dog there, growling and showing his teeth. In the end they let the faithful creature accompany his master in the carriage that took them to Vincennes.

The Duke was tried the next morning, found guilty,

sentenced to death and shot in the château moat during the night of March 19, 1804. His greyhound refused to leave the neighbourhood of the château, but prowled about it emaciated and famished, at last being taken charge of by a major of the garrison, who cared for him until his death. In 1816 a life of the Duke of Burgundy was published in which it was said, 'Monseigneur le duc d'Enghien's dog has been artistically stuffed; it is now in Paris and a treasured possession of Count Charles de Béthizy.'

2. *Marie Antoinette and Thisbe*

When Marie Antoinette was fetched from the Temple on her last fatal journey to the Conciergerie she asked to be allowed to take her much-loved pet Thisbe, but this was refused. Thrust back by the soldiers and unable to clamber into the carriage, the little dog ran after it through the streets of Paris and never lost sight of it until they reached the Conciergerie. As the Queen alighted at the prison gates Thisbe dashed after her and tried to get inside, but the sentry chased her away and she had to run to a distance to escape further ill-treatment. It was then that a young dressmaker named Madame Arnaud took pity on the little creature and caught her. All the time the Queen was imprisoned the dog never ceased to go to and fro, howling and whining outside the Conciergerie walls, and more than once she made an attempt to get in, but the sentries and gaolers were too quick for her. Thisbe's attachment and fidelity were soon noticed by those in the neighbourhood, so when it was known that she was harbouring the creature Madame Arnaud, apprehensive of herself being taken as a suspect and counter-

revolutionary, had her removed to a room in the house of her sister who lived on the Pont St. Michel.

When she found herself shut up and far from her beloved mistress Thisbe refused all food, took no notice of anyone, and gradually dwindled to a mere skeleton. At last one day after barking and whining all through the night, she jumped out of an open window and was drowned in the waters of the Seine below.

3. *The Dog of the Luxembourg*

One of the most successful to elude the argus eyes of the Jacobins who guarded the prisoners in the Luxembourg was a dog named Diamond. After watching the prison gates for a long time, evidently to get acquainted with the lie of the land, he used to seize a propitious moment when the sentry was at the further end of his beat to slip into the prison and make his way to the room where his master, M. de la Chabaussière, was confined. Finding his friend so woe-begone and prostrated with grief at being parted from his family, Diamond would overwhelm him with a thousand tokens of his love and devotion.

One day it chanced that the dog slipped into the prison earlier than was his custom, and was more than usually demonstrative towards the prisoner, leaping up at him and seeming to be off his head with delight. He kept on rubbing his head against his master's chest, at the same time barking softly as though trying to speak. M. de la Chabaussière was at a loss what to make of this excessive attention; it was in vain that he bade the dog go back to his mistress, the more he insisted the greater was the creature's obstinacy in remaining. As he continued to lift

his head high and seem to be drawing attention to his neck, his master began to think that he must be injured, and then, inspecting him more closely, removed his collar. At the back of it was folded a letter from his wife. As soon as this note had been taken and read, Diamond leaped and bounded with delight, and was only too eager to be off. At last he slipped away with an answer and hastened to his anxiously awaiting mistress. From that day onwards a regular correspondence was kept up between husband and wife; every day at the same hour the dog would appear with his letter, and would then return to his mistress with an answer. In the end, this enabled Mme de la Chataussière to obtain her husband's release and save him, as by a miracle, from the dire fate that hung over him.

4. *The Dogs of Lille*

Jean Pierre Caribouffe was a wealthy butcher of Lille, and very proud of the possession of six pure-bred mastiffs so strong that they could quite easily pull a dray loaded with several barrels of wine. They thought nothing of a mad bull, but would put him out of action and gobble him up in no time. So notorious did these dogs become for their strength and astonishing speed on foot that little else was talked about in the neighbourhood but Caribouffe's mastiffs.

One Sunday morning, as the Prince de Ligne was driving rapidly in his coach along the high road, the butcher caught him and passed him several times in his gig. Astonished at seeing the dogs running faster than he was travelling in his coach, the Prince asked the butcher if his dogs could run like that for half a league without

stopping to get their breath. Proud of having attracted the Prince's attention Caribouffe replied that half a league was a mere nothing, his dogs could take that in their stride; moreover, he said, he was ready to wager a hundred louis that they would out-distance any horse and carriage on a course of three leagues.

The bet was taken for the following Sunday and it was agreed that the distance to be covered should be from Lens to Tournai. Attracted by curiosity, when the day came a crowd gathered along the whole route, those who could afford to do so laying bets with their neighbours. Caribouffe arrived punctually at the starting point, and at a given signal the race started—the butcher in his gig and the Prince's chief coachman in a phaeton drawn by six superb horses. Although the butcher himself weighed some sixteen stone, in his little gig he drew ahead of the Prince's phaeton and reached Tournai with his dogs fifteen minutes before his competitor, thus winning a hundred louis in less than an hour. Ever since then his mastiffs have been famous as The Dogs of Lille.

5. St. Leger's Greyhound

When sent to prison in Vincennes during the religious wars occasioned by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, a certain officer named St. Leger asked permission to take a favourite greyhound with him into his cell. This harmless pleasure was refused and the dog was taken away by an officer living in the Rue Lions Saint Paul. The next morning the dog slipped from her guardian and made her way to Vincennes, where she ran barking beneath the dungeon windows where she knew her master was imprisoned. From behind his bars St. Leger

recognized his dog, and on seeing him she leaped and bounded with delight. He tossed her a bit of his bread which she ate hungrily while St. Leger ate his own portion; thus, although separated by bars and bolts and locks, the two shared their meal as they had so often done under happier circumstances.

Nor was this visit the last. Given up by his friends and relations for lost, the prisoner soon had no one to stand by him but his dog, and during the four years of his imprisonment the faithful creature never missed a single day in going to see her master.

St. Leger died a few months after his release but the day following the funeral the greyhound returned to Vincennes and went to one of the prison gate-keepers who had always shown her kindness when she had come to see her master. With this man she now made her home, though she never forgot her old friend, each day passing many hours beneath the window where she had for so long been accustomed to see him.

6. *Catherine II and her Pug*

This pug dog was a great favourite of the Empress Catherine II of Russia. Her banker, Suderland, had made her a present of the little creature, and as a token of her pleasure at this gift she named the dog after that man of business. But the Empress had had the pug only a year when it died. Very early on the morning after its death the banker's house was surrounded by police and troops, and the officer in command was shown up to his bedroom. With many signs of embarrassment the man informed the banker that he had come on an extremely serious affair.

'Am I in disgrace?' stammered Suderland. 'Have you come to arrest me?'

'I wish it were no worse than that!'

'Am I to be sent to Siberia?'

'Even that would be a less cruel fate!'

'Then, am I to be beheaded?'

'Worse than that!'

Suderland was by no means ignorant of the tortures to which those who had lost the Empress's favour were condemned, and he began to speculate on what horrible fate awaited him.

'Alas!' the officer said at last, 'I am ordered by the Empress to have you stuffed!'

Beside himself with terror Suderland sat down at once and scribbled an impassioned letter to the Empress, beseeching her to have him put to death in any way she liked, but not to have him stuffed.

When she received her banker's letter the Empress burst into such a fit of laughter that she nearly choked. The mistake was easily explained. She had given orders to one of her equerries, 'Have Suderland stuffed this morning!' meaning, of course, the dead dog and not the live banker for whom she ever retained the utmost regard.

7. *Frederick the Great and Biche*

The philosopher of Sans Souci was always surrounded by dogs, and his bed and furniture showed unmistakable signs of the liberties taken by these impudent favourites. He was particularly fond of Italian greyhounds, the favourites being Biche, Alcmene, Phyllis, Thisbe, Pan, Diana, Amoretto and Superb. They followed him everywhere, whether on his travels or to the battlefield. One

day he remarked to the Marquis d'Argens, 'I love all dogs except Austrians!'

His especial favourite was Biche, and she never left his side. At night she slept on his bed though the other dogs were taken away and not re-admitted to the royal apartments until morning, when they were allowed to do just what they pleased. When the King went on his travels his dogs followed him, gravely seated in a coach and six; the lacqueys had formal orders to behave towards them with respect, addressing them in some such terms as, 'Mademoiselle, I beg of you to be quiet and would beseech you not to bark so loudly!'

One day when the King was campaigning he strolled by himself a long way from his suite. Suddenly a body of Hungarian cavalry appeared. The only thing for him to do was to hide in a ditch beneath the wooden bridge over which they were obliged to cross. When the hoofs of the cavalry horses thundered on the planks above their heads the faithful Biche might easily have betrayed their presence by barking, but Frederick's luck held. Biche only made a few little moans under her master's cloak and when His Majesty was able to rejoin his men he showed them the little greyhound with the remark, 'Gentle men, here you see my best friend!'

All the same, from that day forward Biche stayed with the baggage when they went on campaign.

The King's carriages were all captured at one of the hottest battles; Biche was made a prisoner of war and became the property of General Radaski, who gave her to his wife. Much negotiation took place before an exchange of prisoners could be arranged; but at last she was handed over to General Tothemburg, who at once took her to his royal master. Frederick happened to be writing at his desk with his back to the door when the

general arrived. As soon as she saw her master Biche leaped on the table, scattering despatches and papers here and there, and in an instant had her forepaws on her friend's shoulders and was licking his face. When he had got over his surprise the King was no less delighted at seeing his much-loved pet once again. After her death, Biche was honoured with a monument on the grand terrace of Sans Souci.

8. *Black Throat, Crébillon's Dog*

Crébillon was fond of cats and dogs alike; his rooms were a sort of menagerie, housing some thirty of these animals. To drown the stench of them he smoked from dawn to dusk. The author of *Zénobie*, *Rhadamiste*, and *Thyeste* often took in stray dogs, whatever their breed or appearance, carrying them home wrapped in his cloak; but from each of his boarders he demanded some sort of service and when, after a certain period of apprenticeship, the pupil evinced clearly that he had not profited by his education, the poet put him under his cloak again and deposited him in the exact spot from which he had originally been taken.

At meal times Crébillon had the dining-room door thrown open and his dogs and cats ranged themselves round the table to have their meal with him. To those who rallied him on his strange passion for these animals he would say, 'I prefer my dogs; I know men too well!'

Among his pets was a spaniel he had saved as a puppy from the hands of a boy who was maltreating him. This dog was called Black Throat, and was a highly intelligent creature. Crébillon made a sort of servant of him, for he used to run errands and do various jobs for the poet's old

housekeeper. At her instructions Black Throat would set out to buy food at the neighbouring shops, and as a rule he managed to do this very well.

One Sunday, however, when Crébillon was giving a dinner party, the harrassed cook sent the dog to Lesage, the famous pastrycook of that time, to bring back a dozen pies. The spaniel started off at once, a basket in his mouth. The pastrycook put the pies in this basket and Black Throat turned back to go home. He had just crossed the Place Saint-Michel when a couple of mongrels, attracted by the fragrant smell of pies, edged close up to him and ended by thrusting their noses into the basket and making short work of half a dozen of the dainties. Dropping his basket on the ground, Black Throat set about the thieves and soon put them to flight, but when he returned to the basket he found that two other curs, who had wisely kept well out of the scrimmage, had seized the opportunity to stick their own muzzles into the basket, finally upsetting it. At sight of the havoc Black Throat growled angrily, but he did nothing to punish the marauders; he just gathered together the remains of the pies, gobbled them up himself and went home with the empty basket and a look of guilt on his face. He was sent on no more errands to the pastrycook.

9. *Soliman of the Luxembourg*

Soliman was an Alsatian belonging to a parish priest in the neighbourhood of Paris who, in the Terror of 1793, was arrested as a suspect and sentenced to death. A mistake on the part of the gaoler saved his life; on the day he should have been guillotined another priest was taken in

his place, bundled into the fatal cart, and taken off with the day's 'batch'.

On getting out of prison the priest enlisted as a soldier; the churches were closed and he had to make a living somehow. He fought in all the wars of the Consulate and in some of the Empire campaigns. Being badly wounded in Germany he obtained his discharge from the army, went back to Paris and resumed the cassock, taking up his quarters in an attic close to the Luxembourg Gardens. There he associated with a group of advanced thinkers and although not well known to the rest of the world, by them he was listened to with respect. His only true friend was the dog Soliman.

Regularly every morning the priest would go into the Gardens at an early hour, have his coffee and roll at the Café de la Grande Porte, partake of a solitary dinner at the Porte des Carmes and sup with the dog at the Porte d'Enfer. The worthy man had his own ideas as to the domestic and foreign policy that France ought to pursue, and used to assert that, as the first nation in the world, she needed an army of no more than thirty thousand men. He repeated this so often that his friends called him, 'The Thirty-Thousand-Men Abbé.'

One day he was missing from the Luxembourg Gardens and his acquaintances learned that he was dead and buried. As for Soliman, he was found at the cemetery howling over his master's grave. It was decided to take him away, and one of the abbé's friends led him home, intending to take care of him. Soliman ate what he was given, showed his gratitude becomingly, and went straight back to the Luxembourg Gardens where his master had spent so many hours. Nothing would induce him to leave the place; when the weather was fine he lay on one of the seats, if it rained he went underneath it. He

refused to accept a new master, but sometimes joined the abbé's group of advanced thinkers and would follow them as they walked up and down arguing, staying in their company many hours at a time. Occasionally he was asked to dinner and was very pleased at any such attention. Invitations usually took the following form: 'Soliman, will you dine with me to-day?' Others, more formal, would say: 'Will you do me the honour, Soliman, of partaking of my dinner to-day?' If not otherwise engaged he would accept, but if he had already promised someone else he would go and stand by the side of the first to invite him, following at his heels and eating a good dinner with the utmost affability and good manners. As soon as the table was cleared, after a few moments he would give it to be understood that he wished for the door to be opened. If there was any delay in doing this he would first whine and then fly into a rage. More than one attempt was made to keep him, but he always succeeded in escaping nor would he ever accept again an invitation from anyone who had tried to turn an act of kindness into a form of bondage.

M. Dupont de Nemours, a Member of the Institut, knew Soliman very well and often had him to dinner, and it is to his sympathetic pen that we owe this story.

10. *Battalion*

In the First Regiment of Louis XVI's Royal Guard there was once a dog called Battalion who became famous in the military annals of his times. Picked up in the street one day by some men of the bodyguard, from that day he stayed in the guardroom. There was a change of friends every four-and-twenty hours but that did not disturb

him at all, for no matter who was on duty, Battalion was sure of a meal. On no account would he go actually into the barracks with the men, he considered himself the servant of the twelve privates, two corporals, sergeant and drummer who were on duty at the gate, whoever they might be. On cold and freezing nights one of the



sentries might call Battalion, and while the dog mounted guard, go in and warm himself at the fire. Battalion would have been killed before he would have let any unauthorized person pass.

When the regiment was moved the dog went with it and immediately took up his place in the new guardroom. He knew all the men and was friends with anyone in the regimental uniform. If one was not dressed in blue with purple facings he was beneath Battalion's notice.

11. *Mufti*

Mufti belonged to a travelling merchant whom he accompanied everywhere. One day his master, who had received from a client a heavy bag of money, placed it in his saddle-bag and set out through the woods for home. What was his surprise when Mufti suddenly ran in front of the horse and began barking and leaping up excitedly, as though seeking to stop him.

'Down, Mufti, down!' cried his master.

But the usually docile Mufti did not seem to hear; on the contrary he barked only the louder, sprang up at his master, nipped his feet and jumped at the reins. The merchant thought that the dog had gone mad, and in great distress drew his pistol, took careful aim, pressed the trigger and then, lest he should have to see his pet in the throes of death, put spur to his horse.

After a while he mechanically put his hand to his saddle-bag, only to find it empty; the strap had slipped from its buckle and the bag of money had dropped out. Turning back, he hurriedly retraced his steps and soon came upon a trace of blood. Following this up, what was his grief to find that it led back to the foot of a tree where lay Mufti, the bag of money by his side, and he himself dead from having tried to do his duty.

12. *Sir Isaac Newton's dog Diamond*

The great mathematician had a pet dog called Diamond. Left alone one day in his master's study, Diamond knocked over a lighted candle and in a few moments the calculations and studies on which Newton had been

engaged for years went up in flames. The loss was irreparable, yet Sir Isaac said nothing more than, 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!'

13. *Ouilette the Doctor*

A village medico named Ouillon had a dog called Ouilette—no doubt so named because she was his student and locum. As Ouillon had a great fancy for a drop of drink he was in the habit of looking in at every estaminet he came across on his way to visiting his patients here and there over the countryside. Thus it was that though he might leave home at six o'clock in the morning he had often not got round to seeing a patient by midday. Sometimes he would slide under a tavern table, or out on the road he might fall from the saddle and lie by the roadside or in a neighbouring ditch. Neither Ouilette nor the horse were in the least perturbed when this sort of thing took place and luckily Ouilette was able to repair some of the grievous harm such behaviour might have caused the doctor's patients; for she knew about as much medicine as the doctor himself, and had far more brains. As soon as she saw him staggering in the hedgerow or tumbling into a ditch she would trot off without so much as a snuffle and carry back the news to Madame Ouillon. When she saw the dog coming Madame would know that her husband was out of action. Dropping all her household tasks she would start off at once under the dog's guidance, find her spouse, pick up his wig from one side of the road, his hat from the other, tidy him up as best she could, wipe his moustache, hoist him into the saddle and take him home to bed.

With the assistance of Ouilette, Madame Ouillon would then take her husband's place in the professional world, for she too had a smattering of medical lore. She would put up packets of drugs—calomel, rhubarb, some quack remedy or other, a few harmless salves for broken limbs,



and place the packets in a bag attached to the dog's collar. Ouilette, who knew all the roads and where all the patients lived, would then set forth and do the round much more efficiently than the worthy but drunken Ouillon could have done. Sick of waiting—sometimes for days at a time—for the doctor to visit them the invalids were only too happy to see his four-legged disciple, and each would eagerly take the packet marked with his or her name,

make full use of the drugs and remedies therein contained, like as not thereby sowing the seeds of yet other ailments. Having done the round, Oulette would go home with a hearty appetite and enjoy a good dinner at the feet of her now more or less sober master and his wife.

14. *Mustapha the Gunner*

Mustapha was a greyhound, fleet and alert like all his breed, belonging to an Irish gunner serving with the armies on the Continent. Brought up from a puppy in camp or barracks, he always went into action with his master, even in the hottest engagements standing near the gun holding a lighted fuse in his mouth ready for the gunner to use.

At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, when the French broke the Hanoverian squares, Mustapha's master received a mortal wound at the very moment he was about to fire his piece; he and all those near him were caught in a volley from the enemy. At sight of his master lying dead the dog broke into the most pitiful howls, and just at that moment a body of French troops advanced at the double up the hillock to capture the gun that had been giving them so much trouble.

Were it not attested by so many credible witnesses it would be impossible to believe what happened then. Mustapha seized in his paws a lighted fuse, put it to the touch-hole, and fired the gun at point-blank range. Seventy Frenchmen fell on the spot and the remainder took to flight. Having performed this deed of valour the dog crouched down beside his dead friend's body, remaining there a day and a night without food and never ceasing to lick his master's wounds. At last some of the

other gunners succeeded in getting him away, though not without very great trouble.

This plucky greyhound was eventually taken to London and presented to George II who granted him the pension due to such faithful service.

15. *Bobbie*

Bobbie was a tiny terrier belonging to a French officer named Leblanc, a well-to-do man who enjoyed a social life and often gave excellent suppers. At an early age Bobbie had been taught to carry in his mouth a forked stick from which hung two little lanterns. When supper was over and the guests were getting ready to take their leave, the dog, who had been waiting his chance in an anteroom, would jump up, get the candles in his lanterns lit, and then gallantly escort the departing guest down the staircase, lighting the way step by step until the street door was reached. Then, having been duly patted by the gentlemen and ladies he had escorted, he would run upstairs to fetch someone else.

But Bobbie's activities were not confined to the house; he performed certain out-of-door functions equally efficiently. He would accompany his master along the Rue Vaugirard to a spot where there was a wide gutter to be crossed; there he would stand with his lanterns and throw a light on the broken pavement and other danger spots. He had yet another accomplishment; he could laugh. When his master said, 'Now then, Bobbie laugh!' he would grin, his face would brighten, his cheeks puff out, and his little teeth show in a broad smile.

16. *Sweetie*

One night a London doctor returning from the theatre noticed a crowd gathered round a police station, and went in to see what was the matter or whether he could be of help. Among a number of people who had just been run in for drunkenness he found an old friend whom he had not seen for years. On being asked his address the doctor drew out his pocket-book to find a card. In the pocket-book was a roll of banknotes to the value of £500. When he had left his friend with promises of doing what he could to help him, two men who had been hanging around the police station followed the doctor. As he went along the street every now and again he would feel the wet muzzle of a strange Newfoundland dog thrust into his hand; not content with this, the dog began to jump up at him, and when repulsed followed quietly at his heels. When the doctor reached the darkness of Grosvenor Square the two men who had all this time been following his footsteps, sprang out seized him by the collar and demanded his wallet.

But the dog was as quick as they; he leaped on the two footpads, bit one savagely in the leg and forced them both to take to their heels. This done, the animal walked on with the doctor until they reached his house, where the creature waited beside him until the door was opened. Full of gratitude and admiration for his rescuer, the doctor tried to get the dog to go in, but he obstinately refused and in the end they were obliged to shut the door on him. The doctor peeped out a few minutes later, but the dog had gone.

This lucky encounter with the Newfoundland was at first put down to pure chance, but what was the doctor's

surprise next morning to discover that the dog was Sweetv, belonging to the friend whom he had seen in the police station. There could be no doubt that the creature had divined the intentions of the footpads and



had followed with the deliberate purpose of escorting his master's friend and protecting him from those who meant to rob him.

This was by no means the only example of Sweetv's devotion to duty. The dog had a prodigious ability in being able to read the minds of those around him, and

invariably when he had performed some such deed he would refuse any recompense and decline even so much as a pat on the head.

17. *The Dogs of St. Malo*

The dogs of St. Malo were in existence as late as the end of the eighteenth century. Like those of Constantinople, they had no individual masters; they belonged to the town and were its vigilant and redoubtable guardians. All night long they would go to and fro along the inner walls, running on the ramparts or standing at watch at the city gates, where they refused admittance to any stranger. Like the men of Corinth, the people of St. Malo entrusted their safety to their dogs; hence came the old expression—‘Have you been to St. Malo?’ This was a kindly but ironical gibe at any thin-legged man, for it was at strangers’ calves that the dogs flew and a spindle-shanked person might well be supposed to have lost the graceful contours of his legs at St. Malo.

History tells us that in the year 1155 a dozen or so bulldogs were trained to keep watch over the boats drawn up on the beach, for they were liable to be stolen. Shut up during the daytime, the dogs were let loose about ten o’clock at night and roamed around until morning when the blast of a copper horn would summon them back to their kennels. Their upkeep was covered by a tax levied on the citizens of St. Malo. The boats were well protected—and often with great savagery—by these terrible watch-dogs until the year 1770. One night in March of that year, a young naval officer having tried to make his way into the town after dark was attacked with the utmost fury by the whole pack of dogs. He drew his

sword in self-defence but soon realized that resistance was useless and that the day rested with his aggressors. Still hoping to save his life, however, as a last resource he threw himself into the sea. But the dogs had no intention of letting their prey escape; they leaped in after him and, breasting the waves, soon tore him to pieces. In the morning light the mangled body of the young man was found on the shore. A few days later the municipality of St. Malo had all the dogs poisoned.

CHAPTER SIX

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND OUR OWN DAYS

I am scared when a dog looks into
my eyes, he is altogether too human.
Zola

1. *Blanchet*

BLANCHET was an Alsatian belonging to an employee in a business house in Le Havre. When the three-master *Normandie* sailed from that port Blanchet's master gave him to Captain Marraine, who took him on board as a pet. They crossed the Line, called at Buenos Aires, doubled Cape Horn and, according to the last letter Captain Marraine was ever to write, Blanchet was in the *Normandie* when she sailed from Chinchas with a cargo for Réunion. The vessel reached that island during the night of July 8, 1865, but she struck the rocks of Saint Benoit and broke in pieces, the captain and many of the crew being lost. It is unlikely that anyone paid much heed to Blanchet in the chaos of shipwreck.

One evening, many months later, the dog's former mistress was sitting quietly at home when she heard a scratching at the door and what was her astonishment to see Blanchet, who jumped up at her in delight and filled the whole house with his joyous barking.

How had the animal got back across half the globe?

One can only surmise that he swam to safety and in time got brought back by an East Indian man that put in at Réunion on her homeward voyage to Le Havre.

2. *The Dublin Dog*

On January 15, 1811, a newspaper reported the following incident as having occurred in the neighbourhood of Dublin. A squire was returning home from a horse fair when he dropped his purse containing £50 in gold. He told his spaniel to go back and fetch it. The dog retraced their steps, found the purse and was taking it to his master when he met another gentleman of the neighbourhood who was out hunting with his pack and some friends. The man examined the purse the spaniel was carrying and was not a little pleased at finding himself the richer by £50. He took the dog home with him, treated him very well, but never allowed him to run loose.

Nine months had passed when one day this man, while making ready to go to a horse fair, placed on the table a bag containing £150 in sovereigns. The moment he turned his back the dog snatched the bag and finding the door open, shot away like an arrow and carried his spoil to his old master. The delight of the latter at seeing not only so much money but his favourite dog can well be imagined.

By chance the two men met shortly afterwards and each told the other his story. The one who had lost £150 demanded the balance of his money but the other refused to return it. They went to law and the loser of the £150 also lost the case, for the Court found for the defendant since for almost a year he had been deprived, to his great inconvenience, of both money and dog.

3. *Moffino*

In Milan the story is still told of a poodle that belonged to a soldier who served in the Russian campaign of 1812. The two friends were separated at the disastrous passage of the Beresina, and in course of time the soldier returned by himself to Milan. A year later an animal appeared at his door—a miserable, famished creature all skin and bone. There it crouched, whining and howling most pitifully. The man's first impulse was to send it flying with a good kick, but stooping down to look at the starved creature more closely, he recognized Moffino. At the sound of his name the dog barked happily and made an attempt to get up, but fell back from sheer exhaustion. Overcoming what must have been almost unsurmountable hardships and difficulties, the creature had crossed rivers, made his way over mountains, and traversed half Europe to find the master he loved so dearly. Care and attention on the part of this beloved friend in time restored Moffino to his full health and happiness.

4. *White Paw, the Standard Bearer*

She belonged to a young lieutenant named Burat, and followed him into every action in which he carried the regimental colours. One day during the Peninsular War, when the Portuguese made a furious charge, the pole bearing the standard was broken, but Burat managed to save the colours and had already put some of his assailants out of action when he received a sabre stroke on the head. The standard was snatched by one of the enemy, but despite his wound Burat was able to wrest it back; a

moment later, however, he fell before a bayonet thrust and thought all was over with him until he heard his dog barking.

White Paw leaped at the throat of the man who had taken the colours and strangled him. Burat succeeded in regaining the eagle and a portion of the silken flag, but fell back unconscious from the exertion and was left on the field when the enemy retired. White Paw licked his face and did her best to revive her companion. When Burat was at last brought to by these caresses and was able to open his eyes he perceived that his faithful friend's intestines were bursting out through a great abdominal wound. He was able to drag himself to a nearby spring, where he tore off his cravat, soaked it in the cold water, bound up the dog, and once again fell back in a swoon.

Happily neither Burat nor White Paw were mortally injured. They were picked up by enemy stretcher-bearers and taken behind the lines and healed. Burat was then put on board the *Brunswick* and taken to England as a prisoner of war. He was refused permission to take his dog with him, and, broken-hearted with grief, saw the shore recede as the vessel put out to sea. What was his amazement, however, a short while later to perceive White Paw swimming after the *Brunswick*. When he saw her breasting the waves, and in a state of exhaustion that threatened her with drowning at any moment, Burat himself sprang into the sea and refused to enter the boat that was lowered to pick him up unless his dog as well as himself could be taken on board. They were both interned at Chatham, but managed to escape and make their way to Dunkirk.

On the fall of the Empire Burat was retired on half-pay, but he and White Paw shared this meagre pittance and were never again separated.

5. *The Story of Zulu, told by Alphonse Allais*

'I once had a dog! Oh, what a fine fellow he was! And what a lesson he taught me, of fidelity in misfortune! What I am about to relate occurred at the conclusion of the Boulangist movement¹ in which I was involved up to the eyes. I, too, dreamed of anti-parliamentarianism, of an honestly-run Republic. I had visions of a free France, prosperous within and respected abroad. What foolishness, eh!

'Every morning I used to send my dog Zulu to fetch the newspapers which in those days were *L'Intransigeant*, *La Presse*, *La Cocarde* and others fanatically devoted to the General, and the fine creature performed this duty with truly touching zeal. All went well until the Boulangists fell with a crash. The General went off to Brussels, I lost confidence in the cause and changed my colours. In short, I had had enough of Boulangism! One morning, as Zulu was starting off to fetch my papers I sent with him a note to the newsagent—no more *Intransigeant*, *Presse* or *Cocarde*. In future it was to be the *Bataille* and *La République Française*.

'Some minutes later Zulu came back in great haste with the usual newspapers in his mouth. I was astonished and asked for explanations from the newsagent who came soon after full of apologies. Zulu, it seemed, had not

¹ In 1888 General Boulanger, a fiery and turbulent man who had been Minister of War for France, began an agitation for the revision of the constitution and headed a party demanding revenge for the defeat of France by the Germans in 1870. For all his bluster Boulanger was essentially weak, and when the crisis came he failed his adherents and fled to Belgium.—*Trans.*

grasped what it was all about, he had not followed my train of thought; he had tossed aside with something of an air of disgust the opportunist journals I had ordered and had helped himself to the usual rags he had fetched for so long. This merited and gained a severe reprimand; but it was all to no purpose. Every morning Zulu brought me *L'Intransigeant*, *La Presse* and *Le Cocarde*, stealing them from the kiosks on the Boulevards.

'It was useless for me to argue with the poor creature, to point out to him the dangers of Cæsarism, the definitely lost cause of a France that had dropped all interest in the Movement. Zulu would toss his head with the air of a dog saying, "My good fellow, I don't like all this! You seem rather a bad bit of work, to me!"

'Touched by such fidelity I got rid of the dog, selling him for next to nothing to a charming young woman with whom he seems happy enough.'

6. *Ralph, Lord Byron's Friend*

While staying in the Highlands as a young man, Lord Byron was one day tramping in the mountains when he caught his foot in the heather, stumbled, and would have fallen over a precipice had not his Newfoundland Ralph caught the tail of his jacket and by a remarkable feat of strength saved his master's life. The story is best told in a note Byron sent to his mother, attached to the dog's collar, the following morning.

The note explained that while out on the mountains he had been overtaken by mist and was pushing forward in what he thought the right direction when he tripped in the heather and rolled to the edge of a precipice. He would certainly have fallen and cracked his skull on the rocks

below had it not been for Ralph, who caught him and held him as he was actually hanging over the gulf. Groping out with his arms Byron managed to get hold of some brambles to which he clung. But judge of his terror, he said, when the mist rolled away and he found himself dangling in space. There was no possibility of dragging himself up to the place he had fallen from, so at last he managed to lower himself down to the bottom of the chasm. There they spent a terrible night and he would certainly have perished from cold and hunger had not the Newfoundland snuggled close to his side to keep him warm. In the light of early morning the dog leaped up and ran off, leaving Byron almost in tears from exhaustion and the thought that he had been abandoned, when the dog reappeared carrying a piece of bread in his mouth. This he laid at his master's feet and not before it had been divided into two would he take a mouthful. When both were somewhat restored Ralph set off with the letter and help was summoned.

Years later, when Ralph died at Newstead Abbey, Byron wrote the following inscription for the monument placed over his grave:

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,

Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
 I never knew but one, and here he lies.

7. *Gamp, Sir Walter Scott's Dog*

Sir Walter was very fond of bull terriers, his favourite being a certain Gamp. But Gamp bit the baker's man and his master, resolved to cure him of such naughty ways, took him in his own hands and bit him severely. This so impressed the dog with the enormity of his crime that whenever mention was made of the incident Gamp would slink away to hide in the darkest corner of the room, mortified with shame and embarrassment.

8. *Baron, Victor Hugo's Poodle*

Victor Hugo had a pet poodle called Baron. One of the poet's friends, a certain Marquis de Faletans, who lived in Russia, happened to be passing through Paris when he

saw the dog and expressed a great wish to buy one like it. Victor Hugo said he could have Baron, as he himself would keep one of the poodle's sons. So the marquis took Baron back with him to his estate in the neighbourhood of Moscow. Two months later his wife wrote to Victor Hugo to say that though the poodle had been petted and made much of, he had suddenly disappeared and all attempts at finding him had failed. A month or so later, Hugo's cook was opening the door early one morning when she found Baron lying on the doorstep, though hardly recognizably so famished and travel-worn was he. It was never discovered how he had managed to cross Europe from Russia to France, and at last make his way to his old master's house in Paris.

9. *Caniche, another Poodle*

As a certain Dumont, a Paris shopkeeper, was strolling along the Boulevard Saint-Antoine with a friend, he wagered that his poodle was such a clever fellow that he would find and retrieve a gold coin if it was hidden in the dust of the roadway. The bet was taken and a coin was hidden after it had been marked for purposes of identification.

When the two friends had gone a good distance from the spot the man told his dog to go and fetch what he had lost. Caniche, for that was his name, turned back, while the two friends walked on.

In the meantime a tradesman on his way home in his gig from the fair at Vincennes noticed the golden crown which his horse's hoof had kicked up from the dust. He drew up, jumped from the gig, picked up the treasure and drove on to the inn where he usually put up.

Caniche arrived on the scene as the man was picking up the coin; he shot forward to get it, but the finder slipped it into his pocket just in time. There was nothing left for the dog to do but follow the gig and make his way



into the inn at the same time as the man. Caniche never let him out of his sight and by snuffing around he soon found the pocket where the golden crown lay hidden. The tradesman, meanwhile, came to the conclusion that the poodle fawning upon him was a stray, in search of a new master, and as he was a fine creature decided to adopt him. He patted his head, made much of his new friend

and when supper-time came gave him something to eat and then took him up to his bedroom.

Hardly had his new master taken off his breeches than Caniche made a snatch at them, but the man, who thought it was all in play, snatched them back. Then the poodle went to the door and began to bark, so at last it was opened to let him out. But no sooner had the man done so than Caniche made another grab at the breeches, gripped them firmly in his mouth, and dashed off as fast as his four legs would carry him. The tradesman—dressed only in shirt and night-cap—gave chase as fast as he could, for in his breeches pocket was not only the golden crown he had picked up but all the money he had made at the fair, and he had done by no means badly that day. So, after the dog he ran, shouting and calling at the top of his voice. Caniche paid no heed but sped homewards. He led the way to his master's house and before long the half-dressed tradesman, puffing and blowing, was able to get back his breeches and explain what had happened. Caniche's master roared with laughter and after a time the other joined his mirth, for when all was said and done there was nothing left for either of them but to praise the poodle's sagacity.

10. John McDouall Stuart and Hope

The famous explorer McDouall Stuart, who died in 1866 on his return from Australia, owned a very clever beast which he had brought up from a puppy after finding it in the lair of a fierce dingo, the wild dog of Australia. Hope, as this young dingo was called, retained much of the savageness of his race and was tractable with no one but his master. He rebuffed any attempt at patting or

other token of friendship from strangers or even other members of the expedition, and was never far from his master's side. At a sign from him Hope would dash after a kangaroo, fetch it down and bring it to Stuart, however strong and vicious it might be. At night, instead of curling up to sleep, Hope watched over his friend. Nose and ears on the alert, he was aroused by the slightest sound and if any of the aborigines—their cupidity aroused by the sight of arms and so much food—made the least attempt to circumvent his vigilance, Hope was ready for them. He would gently thrust his nose into his master's face and then, having put the whole camp on the alert would hurl himself on the marauders. Taken by surprise they would shoot their arrows wildly and take to their heels, but not before Hope had brought one or two of them to the ground.

During his master's fatal illness after he had got home, Hope never left him for an instant. Lying at his feet, he would occasionally drop off into a doze, but almost instantly wake up with a start and look at Stuart to see if he needed anything. At the least sign, at the slightest wish expressed in the dying man's eyes, the dog would get on his feet and, reading his master's thoughts, carry out the most involved instructions without any word having been uttered from the sick bed.

The day McDouall Stuart died Hope, with that inexplicable prescience possessed by some dogs, redoubled his solicitude. He kept on going up to his master's pillow to nuzzle the tossing head, all the while whimpering and making little cries. Suddenly he broke into a loud, despairing howl. McDouall Stuart had breathed his last. Then Hope lay down quietly at the foot of the bed of death as though his work was done. When the time came for those appointed to perform the last duties to set about their

task, they paused at a distance from the bed, terrified of the fierce and powerful dingo still keeping watch over his master's corpse; but to their great surprise he did not stir as they edged nearer. Hope was dead.

11. *My Lord, a Warrior*

My Lord was born in London in 1828, the scion of a terrier and a bulldog. From early puppyhood he promised great things as a fighter; at six months he killed eight rats in thirty minutes and three cats in five minutes. By training and encouragement his qualities developed as he grew older. At two years, though only at the start of his glorious career, he had already acquired a reputation that vied with any other dog in the sporting ring of London.

Then My Lord went to France and his master took him one day to a ring where some of the gamest dogs in Paris were being shown off. A crowd of sporting men were there, and full of admiration for My Lord and eager to test his valour, they asked that he should be pitted against the famous bear Carpolin. Carpolin was the idol of the Parisian sporting world, which was at that time devoted to fights between dogs and other beasts.

The challenge was accepted. Hardly had the bear put himself in a posture of defence, however, before My Lord sprang at him and seized him by the ear. Carpolin roared with pain, rose on his hind legs, and tried to shake off his aggressor. But the bulldog closed his teeth through the bear's ear and clung there, although lifted clear from the ground. For fifteen minutes he hung, irremovably attached to Carpolin's ear. The crowd went mad with excitement and so great was the enthusiasm that a sporting

butcher, beside himself with emotion, flung a wreath of flowers at the dog.

My Lord passed many triumphant years in Paris, living up to the promise of those early adventures. When there was nothing better to do he would have a knock-about with the famous monkey of Flers whose left jaw he bit, or with another bear whose right ear he tore off. My Lord's principal exploits were recorded by Alexandre Dumas in his *Impressions de Voyage*.

12. *Loubet and the Windmill of Montmartre*

Among the best-known sporting dogs in France, in the days when animal combats were considered good sport, was a dog called Loubet, belonging to a certain Squelette. One day this Squelette offered to bet that Loubet would hang on by his teeth to the moving sail of a windmill longer than any other dog. Lord Seymour heard of this, took the bet, and went all the way from England to Montmartre with his magnificent bulldog King. When they were close to one of the turning sails, he set King on to it, saying, 'Hold on tight; never let go!' Up in the air went King, while Squelette called to his Loubet, 'Don't let France be beaten! Hold on!'

So Loubet went up on the next sail, gripping tight with his sharp teeth. There was a good breeze blowing that day and in no time the dogs were carried high into the air, only to be borne down in a great sweep and carried up to the sky once again. At the end of forty-five minutes King fell; but Loubet clung to his sail for an hour and a quarter, though it was plain that his forces were giving out. Eighty

minutes passed and he hung there motionless, taking no notice when Squelette called to him to let go. As the great sail came round again they ran to release the dog; but he was dead, his great fangs embedded so deeply in the wooden sail that the mill had to be stopped before the body could be pulled away.

13. *Émile the Actor*

Émile came from the Pyrenées. He was an old troupier, could play his part perfectly in any melodrama, and was the idol of the Cirque Olympique, where he surpassed all other animal actors in skill and intelligence. His favourite turn was when his master, bound tightly and left to his death by the villain of the piece, lay helpless, able only to make signs with his head to the dog at his side. Émile was chained and wore a seemingly impregnable collar, but he succeeded in slipping from this, rushing to his master's aid, and freeing him from his bonds. When the villain came striding back Émile slipped his head back into the collar and seemed as though he had never moved an inch; but when his master leaped up and downed the villain, Émile was soon on the spot to hold the miscreant there until justice had been done. When the curtain fell there were always great bursts of applause and calls for Émile; but in the end this went to his head and he got conceited—after all, he was just like any other actor.

14. *Napoleon III and his Nero*

This was the Emperor's last favourite. Nero was a black dog, his eyes shone with intelligence and friendliness, and

he was as important a personage at the Tuileries as at Biarritz, Fontainebleau or Compiègne. He went in and out amongst the highest in the land, slipping away from the servants who tried to keep hold of him, and laughing, as it were, at their subdued whistlings and calls. The Emperor would pretend to grumble a little when Nero made his appearance at a full dress reception, and make a show of sending him away in charge of one of the equeries, but Nero was not to be budged. He would lie flat on the ground and await events. All those around would beg that he might stay, whereupon he would trot off to a corner of the *salon* and lie there quietly without so much as moving an ear until tea was served—a meal greatly to his liking so far as the pastries and cakes were concerned.

15. *Premislas the Maligned*

In the month of August, 1843, a suit was brought in the Paris courts for defamation of a dog's character. The animal in question had gone home to his master one evening with a paper tied to his tail bearing the words: 'This dog is a liar and a hypocrite.' The owner soon discovered that the perpetrators of this foolish joke were his neighbours, two sisters named Goulet, who, blest with the company of neither husbands, birds, cats, nor dogs, had found nothing better to do in their long hours of idleness than play this silly trick on their neighbour's harmless poodle. Bursting with indignation, the man issued a summons against them, claiming a hundred francs damages and costs for libelling his dog Premislas. When the case came up for hearing, however, the Court arrived at the conclusion that they were being held up to ridicule

and found for the Goulet sisters, with costs against the prosecutor.

16. *Greyfriars Bobby*

In the year 1858 the body of a poor labouring man named Gray was interred in the Greyfriars cemetery, Edinburgh. As the few mourners followed the hearse through the streets they were accompanied by the deceased's dog Bobby, his head and tail to the ground and showing every sign of grief and distress. The next day the cemetery keeper found Bobby crouched on his old master's grave, but as dogs were not allowed in the cemetery he put him outside and closed the gate. The next day, and every day after that, the same thing happened although the weather turned wet and cold. At last the keeper took pity on the poor creature and gave him something to eat. Bobby took this as a sign that he might stay, and stay he did. A sergeant in the Sappers named Scott saw to his upkeep for some years and then a Mr. Trail, who kept an eating-house in the neighbourhood, engaged to feed the dog. Every day as the noon gun was fired at the Castle Bobby would run to get his dinner, and this went on for ten years.

Then came the era of dog-licences, which, so far as Bobby was concerned, meant your money or your life. Twenty persons came forward at once to pay his licence, but the Lord Provost, who knew all the circumstances of the case, saw fit to exempt Bobby from any liability, and as a token of his esteem gave him a fine collar with his name engraved thereon.

Until the day of his death this faithful dog spent his life crouched over his master's grave. All efforts to shake him

from his purpose proved vain. Several people living in the neighbourhood were kind to him but he would attach himself to no one, and for fourteen years after Gray's death Bobby knew no other resting-place than what was to him the sacred spot in the cemetery. It was there that one morning he was found dead.

The fountain erected to his memory is at the corner of George IV Bridge and Candlemaker Row in Edinburgh. It is seven feet high and surmounted by a bronze figure of Bobby and bears an inscription telling the story of his fidelity.

17. *Bill the Fireman*

Some century ago a London paper described the visit of a deputation of citizens to a certain Mr. Upson. It was for the purpose of solemnly fastening round the neck of his dog Bill a collar bearing an inscription to the following effect: 'My name is Bill and I am a fireman. When the cry "Fire!" is heard I am to the fore and brave all dangers in leading the engines to the scene of action.'

Bill, a keen-scented, alert terrier, was always the first to catch the smell of burning. His instinct never failed and barking all the while, he would lead the way to the fire. As soon as the burning house was reached he invariably set about looking for any victims trapped by the flames. Thanks to Bill more than seventy people were at one time or another rescued from burning. On one occasion he nearly lost his own life through falling between the charred beams of an upper floor, and it was with great difficulty that he was rescued. For the courage he showed in that fire his master, a fireman, received on his behalf a medal from the Royal Humane Society.

18. *A Coachman Dog*

The Marquis de Segonsac, a high government official under the Second Empire, had a coachman who was much too fond of his glass, though he managed to conceal this failing fairly well. The only sign of his condition was that the drunker he got the more recklessly would he drive, to the great peril of all pedestrians. Luckily he always had at his feet on the box a big Alsatian who was quick to perceive his master's state. When he considered the coachman too drunk to keep out of danger, this sagacious creature would take it upon himself to warn those in the street. As soon as he saw a man with a load on his back, or a child trotting along the road he would start barking loudly, and thereby on many occasions saved arms and legs that might otherwise have been broken. The dog never barked when his master was sober, and this in itself reassured their mistress, who became so alarmed when he began to bark that she would usually stop the carriage and alight in the street.

19. *Finot*

When Finot died, one day in May, there was sadness from end to end of the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. He belonged to a certain M. Charles Brancard, a young artist upon whom Fortune had never smiled. As food was far from plentiful in his master's attic the dog was in the habit of going round to beg his dinner from neighbours; he knew his way about and was contented with very little. At seven o'clock every evening he would appear at the house door and wait for his master, who had usually

had as little to eat as himself. In the end, weakened by privation and disappointment, the artist had the misfortune to go down with pleurisy; he was taken to hospital where he died the following morning.

Finot was left alone. He had followed the stretcher on which his master had been taken away but had not been allowed to enter the hospital and knew nothing of his friend's death. That evening the *concierge* tried to take him in, but Finot rebuffed all approaches and spent the night in the street. This went on for the rest of the week. He stationed himself outside the hospital, eating nothing and ~~drinking~~ now and again from the gutter; each evening at seven o'clock he went back to their house and again spent the night at the outer door. One morning he was found on the pavement outside, dead of hunger and cold but still waiting for his beloved master to come back.

20. *Parade, the Lover of Music*

In the early days of the French Revolution a dog was to be seen every day running to and fro in front of the Tuileries Palace, waiting to take part in the changing of the guard. He fell into place in the ranks of the bandsmen, marched with them, and halted when they did. He never failed to be at his post. Amused at his love of music and his regular appearance the men gave him the name of Parade.

Parade betrayed real delight in the military march tunes and kept time by wagging his head from side to side and keeping in step with the bandsmen as they played. He was the friend of all of them and a well-known figure in the Tuileries itself. This canine music-lover had, moreover, the right of entry to the Opera, the Italian Comedy, and

the Feydeau Theatre where he had his own corner in the orchestra, which he never left until the fall of the curtain.

21. *Regimental Dogs*

Shortly after the Napoleonic wars the 6th Regiment of the Guard had a snow-white poodle called Misery, named thus no doubt because he was always at the beck and call of anyone in the regiment. What was remarkable about him was that on his left fore-leg, just at the shoulder, he had three red chevrons on his clear, shaven skin, just as though he was wearing a rank badge.

About the same time the 48th of the Line had a pretty black and white spaniel with a feathery tail, called Pom-pom. Every day he headed the new guard as they marched to relieve the old, and marched back with the old guard returning to barracks. Pompom was present at all reviews and manoeuvres, his place being in front of the drums at the side of the drum-major. When the regiment was on the march if any other dog ran along to join them Pom-pom would first glare at him balefully and if the intruder persisted he would snarl threateningly. It was impossible for the stranger not to appreciate the regimental dog's position, and if he was wise he took himself off.

When the 4th Hussars were in garrison at Castries a bitch dropped her litter in a manger. The horse to which it belonged not only left the pups unharmed but took a lively interest in them. The mother of the little family showed her gratitude by lying at his side in the straw, licking his nose and looking up at him with unmistakable affection. More than that, when given a bit of bread she would carry it in her mouth to the stable and standing on her hind legs give the crust to her equine friend.

22. *Gallant St. Bernards*

Once upon a time a St. Bernard dog was going his round on the great Alpine pass when he came upon a little boy of six whose mother had fallen into a crevasse from which her body, indeed, was never recovered. Nigh frozen to death and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the child lay in the snow crying softly. The great dog ran up to him, raised his head and showed the little fellow the wallet of food he carried at his neck, but the child did not understand what he meant and drew back in terror. The St. Bernard then raised his paw and placed it gently on the child's cold feet and began to lick his frozen hands. Reassured by these tokens of friendship the boy attempted to get up, but his limbs were so stiff with cold that he could barely move. Upon this the dog went closer and by signs and gestures indicated that the child should climb on his back. After many vain attempts he succeeded in throwing himself across the St. Bernard's shoulders and in this fashion was borne very carefully to the hospice where he was cared for and comforted. This act of devotion caused a great sensation in all the neighbouring cantons; a wealthy man adopted the little orphan and engaged a well-known artist to make a painting of the scene on the Alpine pass; the picture was subsequently hung in the hospice to which the brave dog belonged.

Barry was another St. Bernard and one of the most famous of his breed. Indeed, in Alpine history he figures as the saint of the St. Bernard Pass. One wild winter's night a traveller was battling his way against a fierce storm when suddenly out of the blanket of mist he was terrified to see a great creature rushing on him, open-mouthed and showing a most formidable array of teeth.

Imagining himself to be in mortal danger the man raised his alpenstock and drove the pointed end with all his force into the creature's face. It was Barry, and he fell at the man's feet moaning piteously. He had come through



the storm and mist to save the traveller and guide him past a dangerous precipice. When they learned what had happened the monks from the neighbouring hospice hurried to their dog and gave him every attention, even taking him to the hospital in Berne. But all their care was in vain, the brain had been pierced and Barry died in the

utmost agony. His body was not buried, it was stuffed and is now to be seen in Berne museum, the chest decorated with the many medals he won for life-saving, for forty travellers owed their existence to his bravery and devotion. There is also a monument to him in the dog cemetery at Asnières, near Paris, inscribed with the words: "He saved forty travellers and was killed by the forty-first."

Once upon a time the Chevalier de Brandenburg was caught in an avalanche as he and his servant were making their way down the St. Gothard Pass, not far from Airolo. The St. Bernard they had with them escaped the downfall and remained by the spot where his master had disappeared. By a happy chance the scene of the disaster was not far from a hospice kept by monks whose mission was to aid travellers.

The faithful creature pawed at the snow and howled at the top of his voice; he then made his way to the hospice and after running to and from the scene of the accident induced some of the monks to follow him. Perceiving what had happened, they were then able to dig the chevalier and his servant from the snow and ice in which they had been buried some thirty-three hours. Sensible that he owed his life to the dog's devotion and intelligence, the Chevalier left instructions in his will that when he himself died both he and the dog should be sculptured on his tomb, and this can be seen to this day in St. Oswald's church, in Zug.

23. *Bruno, an Admirer of President Lincoln*

Silent crowds were lining the streets to pay their respects to the assassinated President as the funeral cortège

made its way to his last resting-place. Among them stood Mr. Charles H. Morton, accompanied by Bruno, his pure-bred St. Bernard. Some months earlier Bruno and the President had met and taken a liking to one another.

The procession was slowly passing Morton when suddenly Bruno raised his head and sniffed. He had not known what was happening but his keen sense of smell recognized that it was his friend who was being borne in state. Forcing his way through the crowd and deaf to his master's call, Bruno fell in after the bier and bending his head solemnly accompanied the funeral to its conclusion, when he returned to his home.

24. *Burasca and Segretario, the Florentines*

Some time ago an Italian officer and his orderly, stationed in Florence, each brought up a dog, though of different breeds. When their masters were ordered away with the regiment the dogs refused to go and were accordingly left behind, with neither home nor master. They kept together and maintained their respective stations, for the dog brought up by the orderly followed the officer's dog at a respectful distance, even as the orderly had followed his officer. As befitted his rank the senior dog frequented the best cafés in Florence and made many good friends. Oddly enough, though, the dogs would attach themselves to no one. In the morning they visited the cafés where someone was sure to give them something to eat; after a lengthy siesta in the sun they then wandered about the town and ended up with another round of the restaurants. As the day wore on they would make their way to the Cascine Gardens where some elegant lady or other would almost certainly offer

them the courtesy of her carriage as she drove around. The gentleman of the two dogs, called Burasca, naturally took his place beside the fashionable owner of the carriage, while Segretario, his dog-orderly, jumped up beside the coachman or trotted along behind. The night was usually spent on the steps outside the theatre.

Thus did these two strange dogs become well-known features of the life of Florence, where their photos circulated widely and were taken away as curious mementos by many foreign visitors.

25. *Beefsteak the Bohemian*

About the year 1860 Beefsteak was the king of all the Roman beggar dogs. Too proud to lead a blind man or work for a shepherd, he preferred to live a life of freedom at the expense of others. He had come to Rome with a Polish nobleman, but the Eternal City pleased him and there he elected to remain. He had a taste for the arts and frequented the company of painters and others who had come from all parts to study by the banks of the Tiber. Beefsteak followed them to their favourite haunts—the Caffè Greco, the Lepre and other places where good spaghetti and better wine were to be savoured. In the morning he would visit his friends in their studios, taking care to be by their side when they went out to dinner. Not that he would put up with just anything; Beefsteak was a veritable gourmet, very particular as to what he ate and quick to turn away from anything that he thought not up to the mark. After dinner he frequented the Caffè Greco, where he enjoyed the lumps of sugar that were pressed on him on every side. When night came he would follow one of his friends and accept the hospitality of a cushion or

a mattress, though he was clever enough not to outstay his welcome, never putting up for more than three nights with any one artist. He liked having friends but would have no master.

One day Beefsteak was missing from his accustomed haunts; he had died in some lonely corner, friendless and helpless. But his memory lingered long among those who had known him.

26. *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society*

Bob was a Newfoundland. When his master left for America they went to Liverpool and took passage in the *Manchester*, a small vessel carrying no more than one hundred and twenty passengers, bound for New York. They sailed one wintry day in November and had not been long at sea when they ran into a gale that drove the ship on to the Irish coast, where she broke in pieces.

Bob and his master were saved. By hard swimming, side by side, they managed to reach a rock and drag themselves up from the waves. But when the man took stock of their situation he realized that all peril was not yet over, for the rock to which they clung could be only a temporary refuge; it was tide-washed and some distance from the shore where help and shelter could be found. Though he himself was exhausted Bob seemed in better shape, so his master bade him swim to the shore, at the same time showing him an ordinary key that he took from his pocket. The dog took this in his mouth and set out on his swim. Though it was still rough and darkness was falling he managed to reach the land, and making his way to a farm began howling and barking until a man came out to

see what was the matter. Crouching before him, Bob opened his mouth and dropped the key he had been carrying at the farmer's feet. After a moment's surprise, the latter realized that it was a signal for help. He and such labourers as were within call made their way to the beach and soon perceived Bob's master still clinging to the rock.

They were discussing how best to reach him when Bob got hold of the end of one of the ropes they had brought, and dragged it to the water's edge. The men kept hold of one end of this as the dog swam out to the rock with the other end in his mouth. The tide was already rising; the marooned man eagerly seized the rope, tied it round his waist, and sprang into the sea, from which he was hauled by the friendly farm hands.

Bob was close behind him, and together they eventually stepped on dry land.

Yet once again Bob and his master went on a voyage, and once again they were cast away in a storm, though this time the man was drowned while Bob swam to safety and was rescued by some fishermen. He was taken to Liverpool whence he made his way to London to find his old home. But it was now in the hands of strangers who drove him from the door, so he became one of London's homeless strays living in the Adelphi arches. He was lying by the river one day when a blind man came along, stumbled, and fell into the water. He would inevitably have been carried away by the current had not Bob leaped in after him, caught hold of his jacket and drawn him back to safety. A few days later two children fell into the river and the Newfoundland succeeded in bringing them both to shore, though only one of them was still alive. Another night he saved the life of a young man who had been thrown into the Thames by a couple of footpads.

All these deeds of gallantry were reported to the Royal

Humane Society; they adopted Bob, made him an honorary member and awarded him a gold medal. Sir Edwin Landseer painted his portrait with the title, 'A distinguished Member of the Humane Society'.

27. *Diana, the Uhlan's Dog*

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the German troops seemed quite unable to keep their fingers off any clock they came across in the provinces they invaded. They were even more acquisitive when it came to dogs. If a German column marched through a town or village not so much as the shadow of a dog could be seen after they had gone. One writer asserts that the four or five hundred thousand Germans who passed through France took away with them over thirty thousand dogs. In a certain village described by this writer, M. de Cherville, the only dog left was one actually brought by the Germans, all the natives having been stolen. This beast was a great hound, with a massive head, a huge tail, and white coat spotted with brown—a typical German hunting dog. Although a male, his master called him Diana, and when this incongruity was pointed out to him the Uhlan officer merely grinned and said '*Ach ja, Diana she is ze goddess of ze hunt; zis is ze god!*'

When the German column was driven from the village after a bloody battle that had lasted two whole days, the deep baying of a dog was heard from the scene of the fighting. Crouching upon one of the many hurriedly dug graves was Diana, who had been digging furiously with his great paws in the mound where his master lay buried amid many of his comrades.

"The old story of the soldier's dog," writes M. de

Cherville, 'has something in it so touching that it moves one even when that soldier is an enemy. I went straight to Diana, who recognized me and wagged his tail; I patted his head and tied a cord to his collar, and after a little resistance he consented to follow me. As I had already had eighteen men and their horses quartered on me there was plenty of room for him.'

But his new master had a series of misadventures that brought home to him very vividly the truth of the Uhlan officer's encomium—'Diana's sublime!' The fact was that Diana had been trained to steal and take home his booty like a good game dog. One day he would appear with a goose, or it might be a pair of boots or the like, and always with an air of triumph and evident expectation of his master's approbation.

It happened that M. de Cherville had to pay a visit to Chartres, so when they put up for the night Diana was tied up in a stable along with a horse and a cow. Next morning the dog was not to be found. Eventually the inn-keeper, very embarrassed and ill at ease, confessed that during the night a Prussian soldier who had lost his way had been given permission to sleep in the stable, but while he was asleep some men from a neighbouring farm had gone in and killed him with a pitchfork. During the brief struggle Diana, in a frenzy of excitement, had broken his cord and dashing to the German's rescue, had sprung at one of the farm hands and all but strangled him. In self-protection the men had despatched him with the fork.

28. *Alexandre Dumas and his Basset*

Alexandre Dumas once bought a marvellous basset-hound, paying the top price for him. Next morning he

went out shooting. He flushed a partridge, fired both barrels, and saw it fall into a nearby pond. He expected to see the new dog hurl himself headlong into the water to



retrieve the bird, but at the first bang of the gun the beast lay down pretending to be dead.

Very angry at such behaviour, Dumas pulled out the ramrod from his gun to give him a thrashing, but the dog rolled on his back and caught the ramrod with his hind legs. More angry still, Dumas hit him with the stock, whereupon the dog clambered up him and sat on his

head. Dumas shook himself violently and the dog fell to the ground, where he picked up the gun and sloped arms. This was the finishing stroke; the worthy author realized that far from buying a good retriever he had acquired a performing dog of no mean merit.

29. *The Dogs of Constantinople*

These famous dogs, about which every visitor to the Sublime Porte used to write, had been in Constantinople for many centuries. When the Young Turks came into power they were all collected by order of Kemal Pasha and shipped to an island in the Bosphorus where they were destroyed. They were known as 'wild dogs', and were of a particular breed somewhat resembling the sheep-dogs of Europe, though the tail was curled, they had short hair and were of a dirty yellow colour. These creatures thronged every street and alley, gathering in front of the houses and in the doorways while waiting for food to be thrown to them. At other times they lay dozing in the middle of the roadway, to the great confusion of all traffic. No Moslem would ever drive away or strike one of them. Every street had its own dogs, and like beggars they had their proper beats. They instantly recognized and resented the intrusion of any stranger dog. Some of the more fierce, known as 'Old Turks' had a mortal hatred of Europeans. The Turks protected them from any violence, fed them, gave them water when water was dear and hard to come by. It should be observed, moreover, that however great a nuisance the dogs might be, they were something of a necessary evil, for not only did they act as substitutes for the inefficient police, but they cleaned the streets of much garbage that would otherwise

have rotted and bred pestilence. It was reckoned that the dogs numbered more than 100,000, and in such respect were they held that the Turks even founded charitable institutions where aged beasts could end their days in peace.

30. Sir Harry Lee and the Mastiff

Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, an ancestor of the Earls of Lichfield, had a great mastiff that was kept as a watch-dog but had never attracted his master's attention. One night when Sir Harry was on his way to bed, this dog went after him and to his master's great astonishment even followed him into the bedchamber. Having no desire to pass the night in company with a dog, Sir Harry drove him from the room. But the beast began to scratch vigorously at the door and whine so pitcously that his master, surprised at such behaviour from a dog accustomed to sleeping in the yard, let him in. After fixing his eyes affectionately upon him, the great mastiff crawled under the bed and settled down.

Late that night the bedchamber door opened and footsteps were heard crossing the room. Sir Harry leaped from his bed and demanded to know who was there. The only reply was the sound of a heavy fall, the fall of a body that the profound darkness of the room made it impossible to see. At their master's loud shouts for a light servants ran in bearing torches.

The mastiff must have crawled from under the bed, sprung at the nocturnal visitor's throat and brought him to the ground. The man, who was none other than Sir Harry's personal servant, feeling the dog's fangs tearing into his flesh, cried loudly for help and it was with difficulty that the beast was dragged off. The man then began

long explanations of why he had entered his master's bedchamber at that hour, but his excuses were so clearly false that he was put in irons and the next morning taken before a justice of the peace. Eventually he confessed that his purpose had been to rob his master and then murder him.

Among the family portraits preserved by Sir Harry Lee's descendants is one of himself with the faithful mastiff by his side.

31. Minette of the Zouaves

The Zouaves once found a dog in Africa which they christened Minette, making her their regimental mascot. She always marched at the head of the regiment when they changed quarters, and as soon as they halted to replenish their canteens it was Minette who, thanks to a flair for water-divining, led the way to a spring or desert well. Minette saw action in the Crimean War and was severely wounded at Sebastopol. Tenderly nursed and cared for, she soon recovered and on leaving the ambulance made her way back to the trenches. Afraid of neither shell nor bullet, all she minded was her task of keeping an eye on the enemy and signalling any signs of an impending attack.

After the Crimea Minette made the campaign in Italy and took part in the battles of Magenta and Solferino where, at the head of the troops, she never ceased for one moment to bark her loudest in defiance of the foe. She was fifteen years old when she died and they gave her a full military funeral, while tears ran down the cheeks of her old companions in arms.

32. *Moustache, a Valiant Soldier*

He was a poodle and belonged to a regiment encamped to the north of Alexandria during Napoleon's Egyptian Campaign. It was thanks to his vigilance and sagacity that warning was given more than once of an enemy attack. Moustache was on the corps pay roll and received daily a grenadier's rations, while the company barber had orders to brush and trim him once a week. At the battle of Marengo Moustache was jabbed by a bayonet, but though limping badly he flew at an Austrian mastiff and was about to strangle it when a bullet saved him that trouble. At Austerlitz he rushed to the help of a standard-bearer and when the man was killed trailed the tattered remnant of the colours across the battlefield to a place of safety, eventually returning to camp with a broken leg. Marshal Lannes had a medal tied round his neck with red ribbon, recording his gallantry in action.

33. *The Pekinese*

A mandarin's wife in old Pekin once had a little creature who spent his days eating the sweetmeats and cakes she lavished on him. It was at the time of the war with China, when French troops were continually passing up and down the streets of the city. One day the little dog chanced to get out of the house, and enraptured at the sight of a drum-major in full action, followed him back to his quarters. Unhappily the little Pekinese knew nothing of his native city and was quite unable to find his way home; so the drum-major took him into his lodging and made a pet of him. In course of time the

French had orders to depart, and the question arose what was to be done about Pekin, who had acquired quite a taste for military life. Wherever the troops were there was he—on parade, at the issue of rations, on fatigue duty. But the presence of dogs on board the transport was against all rules and regulations; so the drum-major resolved to hide Pekin in his bearskin, though it is difficult to imagine how he could wear this with a little dog inside. Anyhow, that is what happened. When they got to sea the captain of the transport gave orders that the dog should be thrown overboard; but there were so many suplicants for a reprieve that in the end he was allowed to live and in due time landed in France.

His misadventures were not, however, concluded. When they got to Paris the drum-major obtained leave to get married. But his bride detested dogs, and love proved stronger than friendship. Pekin was sold to a tobacconist who taught him to hold a tiny pipe in his tiny mouth and stand in the doorway of the shop, where all Paris went to see him so that he brought his master money and renown.

34. *Flush*

Flush¹ was a cocker spaniel, a pure-bred red cocker whose coat flashed 'all over into gold' in the sunshine, whose long ears fell in tassels, whose hazel eyes, serene and unblinking, never wearied of looking up at his mistress. Flush is of the Immortals. A full century has passed since

¹ This story is due to the courtesy of the English translator of this book, to whom I express here my gratitude. *Author.*

he died, yet no dog is so well remembered, his name for ever enshrined in his mistress's poems, his biography written by no less an author than Virginia Woolf.

He was born about 1842, in a cottage near Reading where Miss Mitford, his first mistress, was living in more or less poverty. Yet poor as she was, she could not part with him for the handsome price he would certainly have brought her, and one day, when he was still no more than a big puppy, she took him to London as a present to her young but invalid friend Elizabeth Barrett.

From the first moment, he and his new mistress felt that mutual confidence and affection that accompanies all true dog relationships, and without a murmur the lively young pup, accustomed to romping in the fields, contentedly settled down to the life of a sick-room, broken only by the necessary routine walks abroad with Wilson the maid. But it was on one of these walks that a great adventure happened. Wilson's attention was engaged for a moment when she heard a shrill cry and turned to find that Flush was missing. He had been snapped up by a dog-stealer, one of those particularly detestable pests of the London streets at that time. Their practice was to snatch pets and well-bred dogs and hold them to ransom or, if not claimed, to sell them to a fancier.

Flush was gone, and for three days Elizabeth neither slept nor ate, inconsolable in her tears. Enquiries were started at once and in due time Flush was traced, and the ransom of six guineas demanded and paid. 'You had better give your dog something to eat,' was the kidnapper's remark as he handed over his prey and received his money; 'He has tasted nothing since he's been with us.' Yet Elizabeth could write, 'his heart was so full when he came home that he could not eat, but shrank away from the plate and laid his head on my shoulder. The

spirit of love conquered the animal appetite even in that dog. He is worth loving, is he not?’

The next great adventure was his mistress’s elopement with Mr. Robert Browning. At first Flush had hated the man who, he felt, was his serious rival; he flew at him and would have snapped at his ankles had it not been for Elizabeth’s sharp reprimand. But his views had changed with the passage of time, and when the great day came, and Elizabeth carried him away to meet Mr. Browning for them all to speed away together to Southampton and then to France, he was willing to accept the fact that he now had a master as well as a mistress.

Flush was four years old when they settled in Florence and he gradually acclimatized himself to foreign life. But not too easily. In the stifling heat of that first Italian summer he became seriously ill. For a time his life was despaired of but in the end a couple of strong doses of castor oil, administered by Browning, worked wonders; he pulled round very quickly and was soon running up and down the marble stairs of the palace once again.

And so the years rolled on. The appearance of Elizabeth’s son, Pen, was greeted with mixed feelings—to Flush he did not seem an essential addition to the household—but by this time he had made many friends among the market women in the piazza, and he would lie in the shade by the keeper of one particular stall for many an hour while his mistress in Casa Guidi sat writing those poems or the long letters which made her forgetful of his presence. In 1852 they all made a trip to England. Flush was very sick when they crossed the Channel, and by no means as happy in his native country as abroad; so it was with real delight that he found himself once again in Florence. He was getting old and liked the warm sun, and

the attentions of the chattering market women, and the graciousness of Italian life.

He was lying in the piazza one day, dozing by his old friend Caterina's flower-stall, when he suddenly jumped up and sped home, surprisingly quickly for the old dog he had grown. Running into the room where his mistress sat writing, he sprang on the sofa and rubbed his face against hers, and when she laughingly caressed him lay down on the rug at her feet where he had passed so many, many hours of his life. After a while Elizabeth spoke to him, but there was no response. Flush was dead.

Many years earlier, in the days of her unhappiness in Wimpole Street, she had written:

You see this dog. It was but yesterday
I mused forgetful of his presence here
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear,
When from the pillow, where wet-checked I lay,
A head as hairy as Faunus, thrust its way
Right sudden against my face—two golden-clear
Great eyes astonished mine—a drooping ear
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray!
I started first, as some Arcadian,
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove;
But, as the bearded vision closer ran
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above
Surprise and sadness—thanking the true Pan,
Who, by low creatures, leads to heights of love.

35. *Baron Taylor's Dinner*

When Baron Taylor¹ was travelling in Spain, buying for the French government those many Spanish works of art now in the Louvre, he arrived late one evening at a little country inn or *posada*. It had been raining and the Baron went to dry himself at the kitchen fire, before which a great wolf hound was sitting on its haunches. As the Baron spoke to the landlady about supper, he noticed that the dog began to stare at him steadily, without a blink of its eyes.

'Let us see, *Señora*; what can you give me to eat?'

'I can make an omelette.'

'Rather poor fare for a man who has been on the go all day!'

'Would you prefer pickled cucumbers?'

'Worse still,' expostulated the Baron.

As the dog continued to regard him with a baleful stare he demanded, 'Why does this dog look at me like that? Is he ill-tempered?'

'Oh no, *Señor*, far from it,' answered the woman. 'He is very gentle indeed, the best creature there ever was.'

'Well, that's a mercy. But let us fix our minds on the really important matter. As you suggest an omelette that means that you have got some eggs.'

'*Si, Señor.*'

'If you have eggs it may well be that you keep chickens, and in that——'

¹ Isidore Severin Taylor, English born but a naturalized Frenchman, was sent by King Louis Philippe to purchase pictures in Spain and other countries. He was made a Baron and was Minister of Fine Arts. He figures in George Borrow's *Bible in Spain* where a good picture is given of him.—*Trans.*

The Baron paused as the dog stared at him even more fixedly.

'Yes, *Señor*, we have chickens,' said the hostess.

'And a plump fowl or two?'

'Yes, *Señor*.'

The dog's eyes seemed actually to flash fire at him.

'Very well,' said the Baron. 'Then I suppose you can put a fowl to roast.'

'Certainly, *Señor*.'

But as she uttered these words the dog leaped to his feet and with one bound reached the door and was out of the house.

'What's the matter with that dog?' demanded Taylor.

'Oh, that's very easily explained, *Señor*,' was the reply.

'When we put a fowl on the spit he has to turn it by working that treadmill you see in the corner. He was listening to every word we were saying, and hearing "roast" he made off. He's a lazy beast.'

'Do you mean to tell me that he dashed away just to escape, having to turn the spit? What a clever rascal!' laughed the Baron.

'Never fear, *Señor*, we'll catch him all right.'

'No, *Señora*, no. Don't catch him. Give me an omelette and some of your pickled cucumbers, they will be all I require,' said Taylor. For it gave him more pleasure to save such a clever dog trouble than to enjoy a good meal.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SOME CLEVER DOGS

IN his *Cymbalum mundi*—a book that Francis I of France banned and condemned to be burned—Bonaventure Desperriers says that two of Actacon's dogs, Pamphagus and Hylactor, were turned into stags and, having eaten their master's tongue, were able to talk.

Saint Basil, in his *Homily on the Earthly Paradise*, affirms that the Garden of Eden was peopled by beasts who conversed with one another and held intelligent conversations.

When the Tarquins were driven from Rome a dog cried, 'Death to the Tyrants!'

It is said that on the death of Cæsar the dogs of Rome began to speak.

In the *Bibliothèque germanique*, published in Amsterdam in 1720, it is recorded that there were two very strange things to be found in Berlin—a talking dog and a poet who, turned dog after a serious illness, was still able to produce all sorts of impromptu verses. No further account of these marvels is given, so we must take them on trust.

A certain German soldier of the Wartensleben regiment had a cur that always growled when anyone touched him. To profit by this habit his master conceived the notion of holding the creature's upper jaw in one hand and his lower in the other and thus twisting his mouth into various contortions that made the dog produce more or less distinct words. At the expiry of six years of continual training the soldier had got his dog to pronounce some

sixty words, among the clearest of which was the name Elizabeth.

Leibniz came across a dog near Zeitz that spoke naturally, that is to say without training. This creature belonged to a peasant; it was small and of no particular breed. A child had heard it articulate certain sounds resembling German words and no pains were thereafter spared in developing this aptitude. After three years he was able to enunciate a hundred German words such as beer, coffee, chocolate, etc.

According to Obigny wild dogs do not bark, they only howl. He asserts that barking is in reality a kind of articulate language acquired by domestication and constant association with men. If this be true it must equally be accepted that there have been in the past, and will, indeed, be in the future, dogs able to utter intelligible human words.

About 1900 the papers were filled with stories of a dog belonging to the brothers Bertrand. The animal's name was Papillon and he was able to reply quite intelligibly to such questions as, 'Which is the tallest building in Paris?' 'Who am I?' and so forth. He could count up to four, say seventy words, and when the show was over would trot off the stage with a courteous, 'Adieu, Messieurs!'

In 1946 a dog was reported in Royston, Herts, as being able to say quite distinctly, 'I want one.'¹

Rodolphe Darzens, manager of the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, is said to have made a sort of canine dictionary, proving that a dog is capable of articulating more than two hundred syllables. It is said that Gabriele D'Annunzio succeeded in teaching one of his greyhounds to enounce the letters of the alphabet and some scores of words; it had been his intention to write a book on the subject.

¹ Evidently 'one of the boys'.—*Trans.*

Princess Jacqueline, a French bulldog belonging to Mrs. Mabel Robinson, of Waterville, Maine, could utter such simple phrases as 'I want!', 'I don't want!', 'I want to go for a drive!', 'She has gone out!' On one occasion, Mrs. Robinson showed her a ball and asked what it was. 'Ball', replied the Princess quite distinctly.

It is recorded that Don, a gamekeeper's dog at Terrehute, could say thirty words as well as go through the alphabet; these facts were attested by a commission of experts from the Physiological Society of Berlin. From the same source comes the statement that a dog called Raff had certain words recorded on a gramophone disc.

In 1914 Madame Mockel of Mannheim had an Irish terrier called Rolf. One day as she was giving her daughter Frieda an arithmetic lesson, she grew impatient at the girl's slowness in mental addition. Suddenly Rolf surprised them all by giving the answer to a sum by rapping on the table the exact number of times with his paw. Having tested this extraordinary faculty in her dog Madame Mockel taught him to read the letters of the alphabet by writing them on a blackboard. At the letter A he would pat his mistress's arm four times, seven for B and so on. This system of signalling was the dog's own idea and perfected by Madame Mockel, and by means of it in course of time he was able to express his views on various subjects. Macterlinck records that Professor Mackenzie asked Rolf the question, 'What is autumn?' to which the dog rapped the reply, 'Time for apples.' Rolf died in 1919. His daughter Lola could also count and read, while her daughter, Awa, belonging to Professor Ziegler of Stuttgart, could do simple arithmetic and knew how to draw in colours.

Zou was the son of an English fox terrier and a French

collie. He was brought up by a woman very interested in learned dogs, and they used to talk together by means of pats with paw and hand. Zou preferred, however, to do sums rather than discuss abstract questions. When shown pieces of paper on which numbers had been written he was quite able to add them up; he could subtract 4 from 6, 9 from 18, multiply 5 by 7, and divide 24 by 4, giving all the answers by rapping with his right paw for the tens and his left for the units.

Fellow was a German sheepdog belonging to Mr. Herbert, of Washington, D.C., and he knew all his master said to him. Conversation between the two of them was often checked by members of the University of Columbia, in particular by Professor Wardle, director of the Physiology laboratory in that university. Mr. Herbert taught Fellow just as one would teach a child, pointing out objects and saying the name of each slowly and clearly. In this way the dog got to know a hundred words and was able to follow a simple conversation. His master talked to him quite clearly as to another person. When he asked him to go into the kitchen to see if the cook was there, Fellow would run and come back, maybe shaking his head to say No.

A dollar bill was put on a chair in the next room, and on a chair alongside it a collar. These objects were labelled 'Dollar' and 'Collar' respectively. Fellow was sent in to fetch the dollar and when he had done that he was sent for the collar, nor was he in any way confused by the similarity in sound and spelling of the two words.

He was told to go to Mrs. Bryan and rest his head on her knee. Fellow pricked up his ears and started to do as he was bid; but his master stopped him half way and said he had changed his mind, and that he was to go to the window, put his paws on the window-sill and bark for

the gardener. He did all this without faltering, and barked until the gardener came.

Lumpi was a fox terrier who was taught paw language by Gerda Wolfson, the opera singer. Many learned persons came to examine him and from their observations and experiments it was ascertained that he understood up to a certain point whatever was said in his presence; that he could read a number of German phrases; that he could do simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; that by the aid of the alphabet and paw-taps he could answer many questions upon everyday occurrences, and all this without prompting or secret signs from his mistress. When asked to tell the time from a wristwatch Lumpi rapped out 6.23. He repeated the test later and on a very difficult third test—one minute past one—he was equally correct. He was then shown a piece of paper upon which his name had been written. It was expected that he would spell it out in the usual fashion, but to the surprise of all he rapped out, "I myself."

Professor Wahle, for many years director of the Goethe-Schiller library at Weimar, wishing to clear up certain doubts in his mind as to the authenticity of the dog's exploits, one day showed him his visiting-card. The dog spelled out, 'Professor Wahle, Weimar'. He then spelled out 'Goethe'. 'Who was Goethe?' asked the professor. 'A poet', was the reply. Lumpi died at Weimar in October,

Kurwenal was Lumpi's comrade, a pure-bred basset-hound trained by Baroness Mathilde von Freytag-Loringhoven, president of the animal protection society in Weimar. Instead of tapping with his paw Kurwenal gave short barks according to a pre-arranged code. He knew how to count and was able to converse intelligently. Various professors and men of science were astounded at

the proofs of his sagacity. The following are but a few instances of his extraordinary mental powers.

One day after he had been for a walk, his mistress asked him, 'Did you meet anyone you knew?' He answered, 'Henneberg.' 'You mean the young artist girl?' 'Yes.' 'Was she wearing spectacles?' 'Yes.' 'Where did she come from?' 'From Belvedere Alley.' As the dog had accompanied her sister on this walk the Baroness said to her, 'So I hear you met Miss Henneberg.' 'No, we didn't,' was the reply. 'But Kurwenal told me so.' 'He is mistaken, we never saw her. He must have taken someone else for her.' Upon this the Baroness asked the dog once more, 'Did you really see Miss Henneberg?' 'Yes.' 'Did she see you?' 'Yes.' Nevertheless, the sister repeated that the dog must be mistaken.

A few days later the Baroness met Miss Henneberg and asked her if she had recently met her sister and the dog. 'Yes, I saw Kurwenal, but your sister did not see me, she was looking in the opposite direction. I waved to Kurwenal who did not seem to want to follow your sister and was pulling on his lead.' 'Where were you coming from?' 'From Belvedere Alley.' 'Wearing glasses?' 'But of course.'

One of the professors took Kurwenal a piece of cheese and some biscuits of which he was very fond. When his mistress asked him if he had enjoyed them Kurwenal replied, 'I think it was very kind of him to bring them.' To the question, 'Which did you like better, the biscuits or the cheese?' the dog replied, 'The cheese.' 'Why?' 'It tasted so nice.'

When someone was discussing in his presence the putting of dogs to death, calling it a cruelty incompatible with the present state of human culture, Kurwenal barked out his views 'The Christian religion forbids killing.'



One last anecdote of this remarkable dog. When a professor from Jena kept on questioning Kurwenl one day in his mistress's absence, in a fit of exasperation the dog at last said, 'When is this fellow going to stop trying to catch me out?' With that he turned his back on the professor and gulped down some tea. The professor needed no further proof of the dog's intelligence.